

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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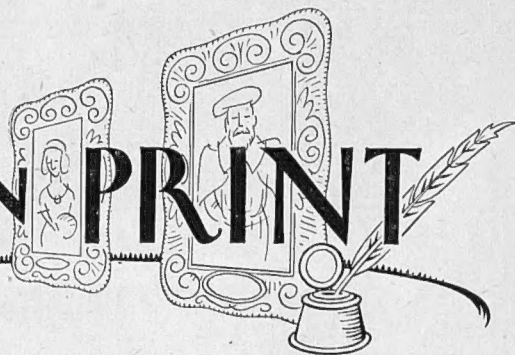
F. J. Goodman

THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET

Seen against a classical background, the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket is a daughter of the Hon. Arthur Ernest Guinness and sister of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and of Lady Oranmore and Brown. All three sisters have seats in Ireland, the Hon. Mrs. Plunket living with her daughters Neelia and Doone at Luttrellstown Castle, Clonsilla, near Dublin. During Horse Show Week she entertained many guests at the castle and gave a big dance for her eighteen-year-old daughter Neelia, who made her debut this year



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Memory Hold the Door

Sean Fielding



Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frank Messervy (then a Major-Gen.). There had been no water for shaving for six days—hence the beard

MAY memory now hold the door for a while, for I see that a dear friend, Lieut.-General Sir Frank Messervy, C.B., D.S.O., has been appointed to command the Army of Pakistan. This is a post of the highest importance which this bold-striding soldier will fill with something more than distinction. I consider that his greatest and finest command was the never-to-be-forgotten 4th (Red Eagle) Indian Division when it formed the spear-

head of the 8th Army 'way back before Monty came on the scene and the Western Desert wasn't cluttered up with a lot of fixed positions. (This last phrase is used in no derogatory sense, of course, as older Desert men will understand; it simply expresses a nostalgic affection for the early days, when we were engaged in what was locally known as the Benghazi Lightning Long Handicap.)

These were times when it was singularly easy to fall into the enemy's hands or sleep, unwittingly, in his night leaguers. It behoved one and all to be very quick on their pins and to have a clear and unassuming knowledge of the vast areas over which the battles ranged, as is made clear in a letter which Frank Messervy wrote me from New Delhi in August 1942. I had written congratulating him on his escape from the Boche after they had put him "in the bag" at the second time of asking—he had earlier been surrounded for days on end at a jolly little place called Sidi Omar, on the Libyan border. He replied, "... as regards my escape, that is not a very exciting story; the only interest in it is that by dint of removing all my badges of rank and burying them and my identity card before I was actually taken into custody, I was able to get away, whereas I think no General on the other side has yet succeeded in doing so. Here is the simple story:

"**A**T about 07.30 hours on the morning of 27th May, the 4th Armoured Brigade reported forty German tanks having pushed past them and advancing in the direction of my H.Q. We sent out the protective troop (six

Stuart tanks) to watch them from the south-west and west and ordered H.Q. to move some eight miles north-east. After going about three miles we were attacked from the south by several German armoured cars. One of these made straight for ACV1 (Armoured Command Vehicle)* and started firing his 20-m.m. gun at it from a range of only some fifty to one hundred yards. The armour, however, kept everything out except some 'splash' which came through the slightly open door and wounded the G3 (Staff Officer, Third Grade), though not seriously.

"The armoured car then went round to the front and managed to get a shot into the engine and two into the driver, who was killed. Meanwhile, the outer camouflage sacking was in flames. We (G1, G2, G3, self and two wireless operators) then got out, left two incendiary bombs alight inside the ACV and ran some twenty yards away and lay down. The armoured car, meanwhile, had moved off to shoot-up other vehicles and collect prisoners. During this period I took off all my badges from my shoulders and my fore-and-aft hat and buried them and my identity card in the sand. We lay very flat and hoped the Boche might forget about us, but presently a chap in an armoured car came up, trained his gun on us and said, 'Up! UP!' so we got up and were escorted across to a lorry where we were bundled in with a party of others. We then joined up with a battle group of 90th Light Division† and were taken with them north-east to the escarpment not very far from Sidi Rezegh. Here we remained for some time while the Hun shelled all he could see below and collected in more lorries and prisoners.

"**D**URING this period the prisoners were formed up and a few had their names taken and were questioned. However, our little party kept well in the rear rank and kept on edging off to the end of the line, so that we escaped this ordeal. During this time I took my G3 up to a doctor to have his wounds dressed. He was very affable and spoke English fluently, having been in London and Kenya.

"After dressing the G3, he turned to me and said, 'Surely they don't make you serve in the desert at your age? In the Deutsche Afrika Korps nobody is kept over thirty-five and [politely!] I think you must be a bit more than that.' I said, 'I am indeed, but I served in the last war and thought I'd join up again

for this.' That was the only Hun to whom I talked. After some time we were all embussed again. By moving round to the back of the queue we managed to be the last left and apparently no room for us left in any lorry; however, a truck was produced, driven by a Hun, and we all got into this. There, to my joy, lying on the seat, was a large hammer, all ready to conk the Hun on the nut after dark and drive away, but our chance came before then. The battle group moved off to attack El Adem but before getting there was engaged by one of our columns from the south with 25-pounder fire.

"There was a bit of a schemozzle and my G1 and I jumped out and ran into a wadi from which we hoped to escape. However, we heard Jim Richardson (G2) shouting, 'Come on in again; I am moving on in the truck! We got up and ran to the truck, which was on the move, and dived in. I thought Jim Richardson had managed to get control of the truck and said, 'Come on—drive up north quickly,' but to my horror found the Hun was still driving. I said, 'This is no damned use; out we go again.' So, myself, the G1 and the G2 all jumped out at the back and ran again into the wadi. We went on some way this time and were not interfered with by the Hun except for the odd shot which hurt nobody but a poor gunner, who must have been hit by an anti-tank shell and had his left leg blown off. We found him afterwards and had him buried.

"**E**VENTUALLY, we found a deepish dugout with a large tarpaulin at the bottom, so we all jumped in and lay doggo. We were joined by an officer of the Royals and an East African from the Labour Corps.

"The Hun, meanwhile, had become engaged with our troops in El Adem and the battle raged for some two hours. Parties were sent out to collect everyone, but we lay under the tarpaulin and were not spotted. So we remained till dark



Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, C.I.G.S. Since leaving the Desert he has put on weight

* These were not fighting vehicles and carried no guns. They were offices on wheels.

† The best German infantry division in the desert.

when the Hun battle group at last moved off. Giving the enemy an hour of darkness in which to settle down, we emerged from our hole and, not knowing the situation, decided to take no risks and walk due east for ten miles and then north-east. Getting our bearings from the stars we set off and walked through the night, luckily picking up a couple of full water cans on the way which kept us going. We avoided all vehicles till we were certain we were clear of the enemy and then contacted the Camerons at Belhamed at four in the morning—and so back to Div. HQ on the 28th.

"Really, as you see, a very easy affair. . . . Hope you are flourishing. Wish I was back again in the desert."

The Measure of a Man

I BELIEVE that the full details of this "very easy affair" have never before been published—which, of course, is the case with hundreds of other similar "very easy affairs"—and some may well think that this is hardly the time to recount it. With such a view I could not at all agree. The recitation shows what sort of man has taken over the Pakistan Army, and that is a matter which vitally affects us all.

The troubles we have on our immediate doorstep are indeed many and grave, but we shall not get out of them the quicker for losing sight of what is happening in India, for our future is still deeply linked with that vast and brooding continent which we have fashioned and shaped to manhood and which may yet take its adult place in the family of the Commonwealth of Nations.

May I also draw attention to that other phrase in Frank Messervy's fine letter? "Wish I was back again in the desert." This may sound very odd to those who have never been to the Western Desert or who, having been there, remained impervious to its wonder and (sometimes quite frightening) fascination.

At this distance, of course, the swarming, hungry, persistent, loathsome flies tend to be half forgotten; and it is difficult to recall the sharp, hysterical desire for water by the unending gallon which came when thirst stole steadily through one's parched body. Nevertheless, the hold that the desert put upon a man's emotions was (and, for me, remains) potent beyond belief. The soft silence of those places without horizon stays forever in the fastnesses of the mind. And memory of them moves me to re-read an old diary entry I made soon after Alamein: *'The bright sun is stealing from out clouds that are still black and heavy with rain. The air is tart and washed thin. My driver squats on an upturned petrol-tin staring solemnly at the cooking pot and letting the rising odours of curried bully-beef titivate his palate. Now and then his nostrils dilate and his forehead wrinkles in appreciation. But he does not move, and about him there is something infinitely humble and patient. Some birds are singing behind us and the pure notes fling themselves in great arches over our heads and come to earth again at the point where a rough wooden cross marks the new graves of some friends. One thinks of Humbert Wolfe and says after him, "... Be gentle, God, to soldiers.'*

Passed to You

READERS of this journal entertaining some doubt as to their social and professional status are due a word of gratitude to a Mr. T. Driberg, Member of Parliament (Labour) for Maldon, Essex, who has been good enough to define it in the following terms, which I take from Hansard:

"... I hope most sincerely that this Debate [State of the Nation] marks the end of the 'phoney' peace, and that there will be no mercy for 'spivs' of any class. . . . The Prime Minister did not make it plain whether he was referring to the TATLER AND BYSTANDER class of 'spivs' as well, but I hope he was."

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

THE MERMAID AND THE MINE

There was a mermaid loved a mine—
A round black mine at the bottom of the sea—
But, alas, he didn't like her line
Or if he did he gave no sign,
Which was specially pathetic
As the girl was no ascetic
And her outlook on these matters was, to put it mildly, free.

She wailed her most seductive wail
To win that mine on the bottom of the sea:
She even manicured each scale
And permanently waved her tail.
The effect was most aesthetic
But the mine stayed apathetic;
He just wasn't to be tempted by such baggages as she.

Her passion turned by this raw deal
To hate for that mine at the bottom of the sea.
She gripped her trident (made of steel)
And shouted, "This will make you feel. . . ."
Since the mine was a magnetic
One, the words were too prophetic
And she couldn't have complained—if she'd been conscious.—R.I.P.

Immoral: Vengeance is Mine.

Justin Richardson

George Bilainkin:

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

IN the Eaton Square residence where Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and later his temporary tenant, Ambassador Ribbentrop the swashbuckler, looked out on lovely trees in the midst of a crazy world, there were festivities during the weekend. They celebrated the independence anniversary of a progressive republic that sends enormous quantities of sugar to Great Britain.

Guests of the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Dominica at St. James's, Señor Don Andres Pastoriza, congratulated His Excellency on the state's happy situation in an impoverished world, for the republic has just paid off her foreign debts and is "economically independent."

The two million Dominicans on the island of Santo Domingo (part of the island is the republic of Haiti) have had their sanguinary battles for freedom and independence since Christopher Columbus discovered this first American territory four and a half centuries ago. The Dominicans fell, then at last conquered the oppressors attracted by gold in the rivers. Pawn in the wars between Spain, England and France, the Dominicans were attacked in their capital and destroyed by Sir Francis Drake. The new city, Ciudad Trujillo, is a magnificent memorial to the living President.

THE scars of the visit by Drake are visible in the capital's cathedral, where also lie the ashes of the admiral who found the New World. Columbus's memory is precious, and he is to be buried afresh, in the Columbus Lighthouse, a cross a mile long, which is to be built by the Government.



H.E. the wife of the Dominican Minister

The sufferings endured by the Dominicans have made them generous and merciful. They astonished the world's envoys, at Evian, in 1938. Little Dominica, in area but a quarter of the British Isles, announced that President Trujillo would gladly offer 25,000 acres of his estate at Sosua for selected refugees. Thousands of Hitler's victims have since lived happily in Dominica as naturalized citizens.



H.E. Señor Don Andrés Pastoriza, Dominican Minister

Last occupants of Dominica were United States Marines, from 1916 until 1924, and an American receiver of customs remained in the republic until April, 1941. Final agreement for Dominica's freedom was reached in Washington by a firmly spoken, tactful envoy—Pastoriza. Then the treaty was signed by the Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, and the President, Generalissimo Trujillo. A Dominican collects the customs of Dominica.

MEMBER of a family of ten born in Santiago, where the largest cigar factory is situated, Pastoriza has a close relative in the diplomatic service—his brother is Dominican Minister to France. After a career in business enterprises, Pastoriza joined the Dominican Cabinet in 1924. In 1936 he was appointed Minister to Washington. At the conclusion of his triumphant mission, in 1941, which saw the end of American receivership, Pastoriza rejoined the Cabinet, became president of our ally's Red Cross, and in 1945 realized the dream, the legation at St. James's.

In Europe Pastoriza has been busy, representing Dominica at various U.N. conferences, reopening Dominican consulates in Belfast, Oslo, Brussels, Stockholm, Copenhagen.

There is close friendship between the two countries. Dominica is indeed happy that the economic link should be so powerful. Pastoriza is not only the envoy of Dominica in Britain, but Britain's ancillary envoy to Dominica.



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Crime of Margaret Foley (Comedy). Irish melodrama with some strong performances from Terence de Marney, Kathleen O'Regan and Arthur Sinclair.

A Sleeping Clergyman (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Trespass (Globe). Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic adventure into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Played by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

Peace In Our Time (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

Men Without Shadows and The Respectable Prostitute (Lyric, Hammersmith). Jean-Paul Sartre's much-debated plays on the French Resistance and the U.S. colour bar.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but wise in understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

Noose (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up into seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

Fly Away Peter (St. James's). Domestic comedy with J. H. Roberts and Margaret Barton.

Separate Rooms (Strand). Frances Day in a new American comedy (tomorrow).

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

1066 And All That (Palace). Leslie Henson, Doris Hare and Edwin Styles gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

The Nightingale (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



Coal Black Mammy (Evelyn Ellis) looks on apprehensively as a triangular situation develops between her son (Gordon Heath), Geneva Langdon (Betsy Drake) and Honey (Helen Martin)

Sketches by Tom Titt



The Senator (Allan Jeayes), a benevolent autocrat, whose support of the negroes depends on their consent to his guidance

At the

"Deep Are The

THEY are the roots of racial hatred and fear that still bedevil the relations of white people and coloured folk in the Deep South. The problem thus perpetuated is purely American; but to assume therefore that you won't be interested in its treatment will be to deny yourself an evening of exciting theatre.

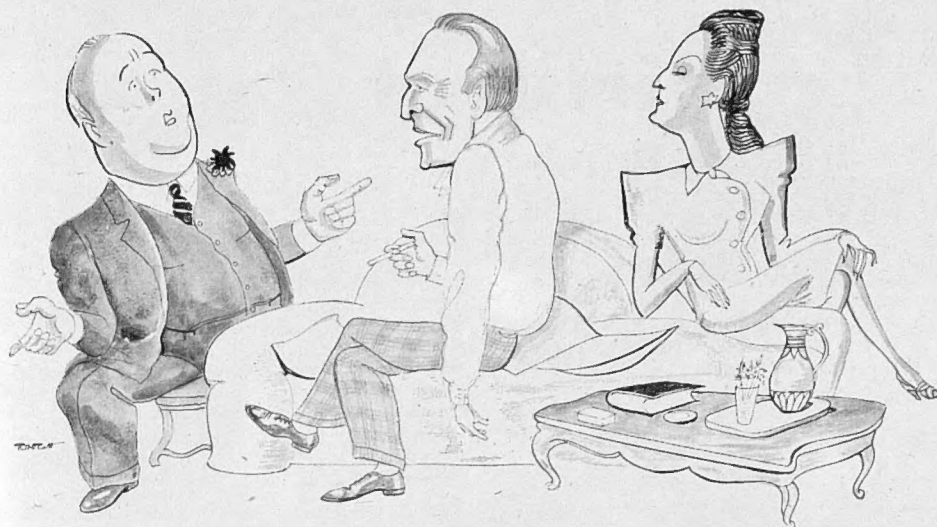
It is exciting theatre because the authors (Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow) have succeeded in completely dissolving the national political issue into drama that knows no frontiers. It is drama with a strong appeal to all who relish a fierce and skilfully ordered conflict of wills and beliefs and traditions; and the conflict loses nothing in the acting—unless there is some method which escapes Mr. Allan Jeayes, and certainly does not leap to the eye, of making the central character a shade more credible.

The White Senator is outwardly a civilized old man whose house is run on graciously hospitable Southern lines. His housekeeper, a negress, is devoted to him, and her son has been brought up with the Senator's daughters, one of whom has made it her business to foster the boy's unusual talent. But when he returns from Europe with an admirable war record, an officer in the American army, the Senator begins at once to bristle. "Don't you realize," he tells his daughters, "that this fellow has been killing white men?"

IT is expected that the negro will gratefully take up a good appointment in Chicago thrown open to him through the influence of the elder daughter of the house; but, disconcertingly, he chooses to stay and work as a teacher among his own people in the town.

The Senator, beneath whose gracious paternalism the roots of protective hatred are deeply spread, will not tolerate such a show of independence in a negro. He lends a ready ear to the complaints that soon begin to flow in from the town where the whites, being in a minority, are exceedingly touchy. The most serious of them alleges that the returned officer has actually dared enter the public library by the front door, frightening the woman librarian into hysterics.

The Senator would take instant action, but



Arguing About the colour bar, Roy Maxwell (Alexander Gauge), Howard Merrick (Patrick Barr) and Alice Langdon (Faith Brook), merely transfer it from their minds to their hearts

BACKSTAGE



THERE has recently been so much wild talk about a theatre slump that I am glad to record the reassuring words of the head of one of the leading libraries. "In the whole of my experience," he said, "I have never known such business as is being done by three such musical plays as *Oklahoma!*, *Annie, Get Your Gun*, and *Bless the Bride*."

Bookings for these shows have already been made as far ahead as next April. Good business, too, is favouring several straight shows, among them *Off the Record* at the Apollo which seems to have become the favourite piece to which schoolboys take their elders. At one matinee the other day I counted 130 holidaymaking youngsters in the booked seats of the house.

FRANCES DAY, whose last appearance was in the ill-fated *Evangeline* at the Cambridge early last year, stars in the American comedy *Separate Rooms* which Leigh Stafford presents at the Strand tomorrow.

The role of a temperamental actress, I hear, gives plenty of scope for her gift for piquant comedy. She becomes involved in a fiery vendetta with her brother-in-law, a part played by the American actor, Hal Thompson. Bonar Colleano Jr. appears as a free-and-easy butler, Daphne Barker as a private secretary and Anthony Forwood as a young dramatist.

RECEIPT of a fan mail which sometimes amounts to 200 letters a day is enough to turn the head of any young star, but Georges Guétary, the French hero of *Bless the Bride* at the Adelphi, unspoilt by his success retains an astonishing modesty.

"No," he told me, "I have no conceit because I know I could be so much better." He says he owes everything to his mother and to his musical uncle in Paris who trained him.

Few stars take their work so seriously. His only relaxation is horse riding in the Row every morning. The rest of his leisure he devotes to taking English lessons and to replying to his fans, for he answers every letter himself. He is a bachelor and until recently when he engaged a cook, he did his own catering and often lined up in shopping queues for his rations.

DURING Hugh Sinclair's absence from *Present Laughter* at the Haymarket the part of Garry Essendine was brilliantly played by Peter Gray, a thirty-two years old actor who has been seen in one of the smaller parts during the revival.

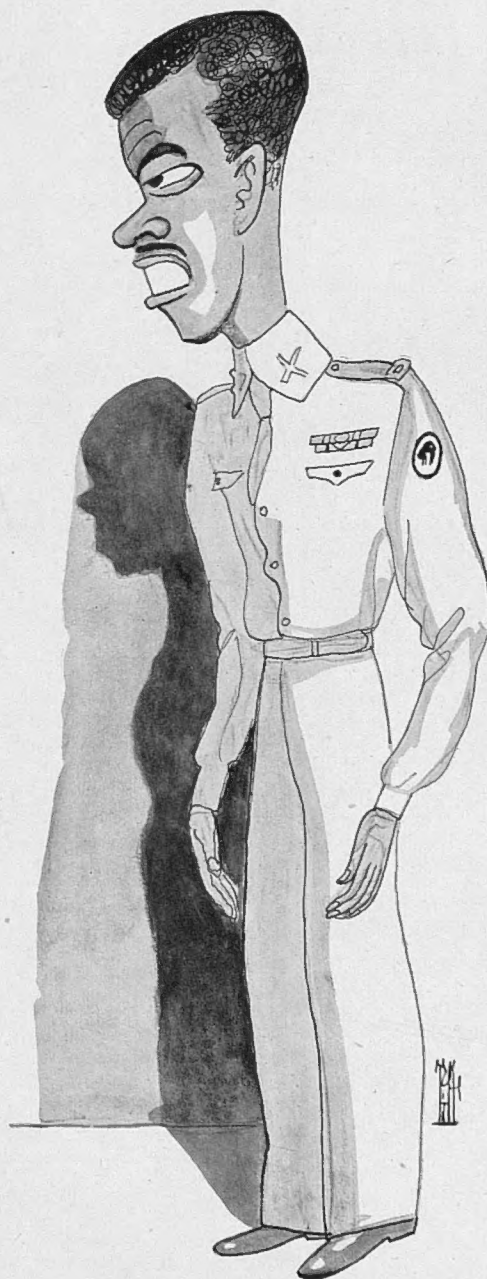
Gray, who comes from Chagford, Devon, always wanted to be an actor, and his schoolmaster suggested the stage as a career. Instead he was apprenticed at the age of seventeen to an Oxford bookselling firm. He stayed for three and a half years, gratifying his passion by "walking on" in plays visiting Oxford. "I was so keen on acting," he says, "that while other supers popped over to the local I used to watch the play right through every night, generally from behind the stage fireplace."

Then Mrs. Arthur Brough noticed him and got him a job with her husband's repertory company at Folkestone. He afterwards played in repertory in Bradford, Leeds and Nottingham until he joined the Navy in 1940 and attained the rank of lieutenant. After the war Noel Coward offered him a part in *Private Lives* on tour after seeing him acting at Windsor.

ON Saturday Robert Atkins ends what he tells me has been the most successful season of the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park since 1939. Last year when the weather was invariably far from "a mid-summer night's dream" half the performances took place under canvas. This year ninety per cent of the performances have been given in the open.

I HEAR that when Ivor Novello's *Perchance to Dream* ends its long run at the London Hippodrome in the autumn it will probably be followed by a musical show starring Vic Oliver.

Beaumont Newhall



Brett Charles (Gordon Heath) whose determination to go his own way arouses all the Senator's considerable powers of let and hindrance

Theatre

Roots (Wyndham's)

he is opposed by his elder daughter, a chip off the old block, who is unwilling that her efforts on behalf of the negro should be frustrated. She learns, however, that her sister is in love with her protégé, and the shock is such that she, too, feels the old, deep, protective impulses of racial hatred, and passes from an easy patronage into vindictive cruelty. She supports her father who, with an effrontery that is truly terrifying, fastens the theft of a watch upon the negro and stands calmly by while the sheriff's men beat up the boy and carry him away to prison.

MR. JEAYES plays this astonishing character with quiet ease, as though the things the Senator did were all in the day's business, leaving it to be implied that the character would be perfectly understood in the Deep South. The authors help this suggestion by providing a stranger from the North who is taken aback by the revelation of what lies beneath the surface of Southern courtesy. But the strength of the play is in the clash between the Senator's elder daughter and her Northern wooer and the sister whose emotions have led her across the racial borderline and, ultimately, her own better nature which suffers a revulsion from the vindictive cruelty in which she has indulged.

Miss Faith Brook's study of the girl is as perceptive as it is firm. There is also an exquisite performance by Miss Betsy Drake as the girl who is suddenly bewildered to find herself in love with a negro. The negro is presented simply and affectingly by Mr. Gordon Heath, and Miss Evelyn Ellis rises splendidly to the opportunities of perhaps the best part in the play—that of the negro's mother whose loyalty to the Senator, rooted in fear and the instinctive belief that there is safety for coloured folk only in subjection, wars with her natural loyalties. Mr. Patrick Barr plays the small but vital part of the Northern spectator with measure and tact. And the play, for all its violent emotionalism, completes its course without either swerving into cheap theatricalism or begging a problem which is no doubt insoluble—at any rate, for the present.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Freda Bruce Lockhart



Anthony Hopking
Richard Attenborough
as a London taxi-driver in
"Dancing With Crime."
His wife Sheila Sim plays
opposite him, and Barry
K. Barnes is also in the cast

At The Pictures

The Brighter Britain

FAILING narrative inspiration, film-makers can do very much worse than concentrate on the settings of their films. To present an objective picture of actuality is one of the cinema's legitimate functions, inherited from the ancient myth that the camera cannot lie. This function has become particularly the province of documentary film-makers, but an authentic familiar background or a convincing novel one can always cover a multitude of clichés, and fiction films often owe more than is generally recognized to direct or indirect documentary influence.

This week, four out of the five new films have a brilliantly contrived background as their main attraction. Two of them present an alarmingly convincing picture of certain features of life in this new Britain, which we are still only getting to know.

HOLIDAY camps are not brand-new to Britain. They existed before the war in this country as well as in Hitler's Germany. But not, I think, on the vast scale of the *Holiday Camp* showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket, a film with the force of a contemporary historic document. Director Ken Annakin's previous experience of documentary films presumably accounts for the striking objectivity of his introduction to the camp and to a cross-section of its inmates. That half of the world which shares my horror of organized holidaying in unlimited, unchosen company will see its worst nightmares about holiday camps confirmed.

A day which starts with mass morning exercises is mapped out as overfully as a school timetable; anonymous instructions or, worse, complacent morning greetings and mealtime cheer-leading pour over the loudspeaker system into every corner of the camp from the ominously named control tower (as one character comments: "sounds more like a prison camp"); where you look to find "MEN" and "WOMEN," cosy signs welcome campers of all ages as "LADS" and "LASSES"; at the ordered jollifications, relentlessly hearty thugs stand by ready to chuck any retiring young woman into the beauty contest, or force her in a Paul Jones to partner the young man with whom she is having a misunderstanding. No privacy. No quiet. No escape.

On the other hand, the half of the world to whom anything less sociable than Bank Holiday at a coastal resort or Wakes Week in Lancashire would be no holiday at all, will, I imagine, decide forthwith after seeing the film to book next year's holiday (if any) at a holiday camp. After all, they might meet a salt-of-the-earth, homely Cockney couple like the one so endearingly—and so immaculately—played by Mr. Jack Warner and Miss Kathleen Harrison. Such exceptionally pleasant youngsters as Mr. Jimmy Hanley and Miss Hazel Court would stand

a very good chance of finding each other. Prospective partners to a suicide pact could always hope to come across a forlorn spinster to play fairy godmother as generously as Flora Robson. Bold, brazen hussies might have as good fun and as lucky an escape as Angela (Yvonne Owen). The inevitable, agonizingly *passée*, unselfconscious blonde might be as amusing as Esme Cannon makes her.

Above all, among the "thousands of happy campers" who round off the official cast list, there would be that blissful sense of safety in numbers.

It is the film's achievement that it brilliantly presents a basis for both views. Whether holiday camps are your idea of heaven or of hell, the film is heaven as long as it keeps its feet on the ground, and, for at least the first half hour, quite painfully funny. But it is too good to last. Objectivity gives way to a sententious attempt to convince us that what we are watching is not mass dementia but the touching struggle of individuals "for the one thing they can't get by fighting for it—happiness." Sound enough, but the personal stories intended to illustrate the point are too uneven. Mr. Warner and Miss Harrison ring touchingly true. Mr. Hanley and Miss Court are rather more than conventionally acceptable juvenile leads. But as the forlorn lady, who comes to the camp in search of her long-lost lover and at last finds him (happily married) in the control tower making those announcements which at first seemed to her—as they would to most of us—the cruellest torture of all, Miss Flora Robson lets loose all the butterflies from the belfry.

Mr. Godfrey Winn is credited with the original story, Muriel and Sydney Box and Peter Rogers with the screen play; but it is always chancy to apportion praise and blame for what emerges. Foundering in a welter of whimsy, the film nevertheless succeeds in giving me a keener apprehension than any previous film of Britain Transformed. It incidentally suggests some of the less immediately obvious advantages of holiday camps—as an ideal hideout for a criminal on the run (a richly bogus R.A.F. type by Dennis Price), or a less congenial rendezvous for illicit lovers. The maniac on the Heath model seemed too nauseatingly inappropriate to the happy holiday atmosphere. But at least I suppose it is comforting to know that if you were unlucky enough to be strangled and thrown over a cliff, and lucky enough to have shared a room with one of the camp's few responsible inmates, she *might* report your absence to the reception clerk before leaving, even if nobody else had missed you from among the thousands of happy campers.

BRIITISH films are already embarked on a spiv cycle to which *Dancing With Crime*, at the Plaza, is the latest addition. This new spiv film does not set out to be as sophisticated, as subtle, or as beastly as *They Made Me a Fugitive*, although the opening is effective enough to invite comparison. Demobilization pains are sharply summed up in the contrast between honest Ted (Richard Attenborough), trying to earn his living as a taxi-driver and Paul (Bill Rowbotham), slick, over-cheery little spiv, open-handed with his ill-gotten gains, and with tempting offers to let his friend Ted in on them. Ted's taxi—with flag duly veiled when he takes his fiancée for a drive—and Paul's poky expensive club are authentic London; the two men are real. Interest is immediately established.

Far too soon for the film's good, Paul is murdered and makes way for a more conventional crime story,

with Ted and his fiancée in the familiar roles of naive amateur detectives. None of the later characters is as interesting or as vital as Mr. Rowbotham promised to make Paul. But the accurately stuffy, sordid atmosphere of the *palais de danse* which is the gang's headquarters, with Barry K. Barnes as the reptilian M.C. and spiv-chief's dogsbody, and his team of miscellaneous hostesses, exercises an ugly fascination. Mr. Attenborough's sensitive portrait of an honest youth (with some useful Commando training) introduces a healthy schoolboy spirit of adventure. But the best spiv dies too soon.

WE have had so many Technicolor Latin-American Bank Holidays from Hollywood, that the prospect of seeing Miss Esther Williams, the atomic age's bathing belle, in a similar piece about Mexico did not automatically appeal to me. To that extent, *Fiesta*, showing at the Empire, proves an agreeable surprise. Miss Williams is presumably present to ensure an audience for what might almost have been a documentary on Mexican family life, bullfighting and dancing. Miss Williams in water or out, swimming or whirling a matador's cape is almost as pleasing to watch as Miss Rita Hayworth. For herself she is welcome. But with her, as it were, goes a fatuous story about female impersonation, more than usually unconvincing in the unpropitious, tight-fitting costume of a matador.

This bullfighting at least can hardly give offence. The matadors seem to fight unarmed, a sedate horse saunters once into the ring, the bull—after due display—seems to dissolve at a gentle pat from Miss Williams's hand. Connoisseurs would certainly find the displays tame, but for the novice they have grace and excitement, as have the lively Mexican dance ensembles.

Although the story seems superfluous, the film succeeds where most musicals fail in keeping true to its own style; and the cast enters into the extravagant nonsense with a dash which comes nearer to carrying off the 107 minutes of the film's length than at first seemed possible.

APREWAR French film, *Ramuntcho*, at the Academy, is so far below the usual standard of exported French films, that it would be better forgotten. But even this romantic rignarole derives a certain charm from the enchanting open-air settings in a Basque smuggling village—complete with berets and the national sport of pelotte. This is a deceptive charm, belonging to a Basque pastoral prologue, to a film quite different in atmosphere, in taste and even in its chief characters. Perhaps the adapter of Pierre Loti grew tired. Or perhaps director and cameraman fell so much in love with their Basque documentary that they left no time to attend to M. Loti's plot.

THE week's films can claim to offer variety. But the only real flash of inspiration is provided at the Carlton, by one of the cinema's last surviving clowns—Bob Hope in *Where There's Life*. Mr. Hope is an honest fool. He needs no clever story. All the other characters—in this case a whole posse of Ruritians who claim this prize American simpleton as the illegitimate heir of their most unsteady throne—are stooges for Mr. Hope's cowardice, conceit, his insuperable self-concern. You either think Bob Hope funny—or you don't. I consider myself only a moderate addict, and I cannot decide whether he is really funnier than ever before in *Where There's Life*, or whether he only seems so because spontaneous laughter is such a rare indulgence today.

YVONNE ARNAUD

Yvonne Arnaud is playing the title rôle in *Jane* at the Aldwych theatre. In the part of a provincial frump who is turned into the rage of society by her youthful husband she gives yet another delightfully accomplished performance. It is perhaps characteristic that though she had no preparation whatever for the stage, her first London appearance, at the Adelphi, in 1911, when she played Princess Mathilde in *The Quaker Girl*, was an immediate success which has continued ever since. Before that she had gained first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatoire and then toured Europe and America as a youthful prodigy. Since then, in addition to her stage career, she has played at concerts with most of the leading orchestras in this country. She is married to Mr. Hugh McLellan and they live on a farm in Surrey.



Scrumper was at

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW



Miss D. M. Murray, of Kenagh, Co. Longford, won a prize in the Single Harness (open)

AFTER Goodwood I flew over to Dublin for Horse Show Week. How easy it is travelling in this way—leaving Northolt at 4 p.m. by Aer Lingus, I arrived punctually at Dublin air terminus. I then motored 20 miles to stay with friends. By 8 p.m. I was enjoying my first dinner of wonderful Irish food, after having had a hot bath and ample time to dress.

Dublin itself was more crowded than

ever, with visitors from all parts of the world. This is not surprising, as Horse Show Week is unique. Not only can you watch the finest hunters and hacks in the world compete at Ballsbridge, and the highest possible standard of show jumping, both civilian and military (this year there were six military teams from various countries competing), but there are also the bloodstock sales adjoining the show-ground going on each day.

There is racing at Leopardstown and Phoenix Park during the week, including one evening meeting, and, lastly, there is the terrific social round of cocktail parties, private dances and hunt balls during the week. This year there was the added excitement of a first night in Dublin, when Paulette Goddard made her first appearance on the legitimate stage with her husband, Burgess Meredith, in Maxwell Anderson's American prize-winning play *Winter's End*, which has not yet been seen in London, and from friends who went, I hear this well-known film-star made a good impression in a part which did not give her much scope.

RACING at Leopardstown was cancelled on Saturday, so the first big gathering of Show visitors was at Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hume-Dudgeon's nice home, Merville, just outside Dublin, on Saturday evening, when they gave a delightful cocktail party. The guests included officers of the visiting international teams jumping at the Show, friends from England over for the Show, and other horse-lovers from many parts of Ireland. Col. Dudgeon, who is a fine horseman with a quiet and kind personality, is one of the most popular and beloved competitors in the showing community all over the world. He captained the British military team some years ago. During this Dublin Show he put up a remarkably fine performance when he rode three of his own horses—Mystic, Sea Spray and Sea Point—in the sweepstake competition over fly fences, and won first, second and third prizes, completing nine rounds without a fault! This is a record that will take a lot of equalling.

On Monday, in spite of the weather, a real Irish soaker, hundreds of holiday-makers turned up at Leopardstown when, to dampen further their enthusiasm, only one favourite obliged during the afternoon. Lady Ainsworth, as good-looking as ever, was a bright spot of colour amidst the drabness of mackintoshes in her very chic scarlet and white check mackintosh; another gay one I noticed was worn by Mrs. Cazenove, who before her marriage early this year was Grania Kennedy, and like her four attractive sisters—Mrs. Wellesley, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. MacGillicuddy and Lady Jocelyn—is very keen on racing.

(Turn to page 234)



His Excellency President O'Kelly and Mrs. O'Kelly arriving in the Show grounds. To their left is Mr. Wylie, Hon. President of the Royal Dublin Society. Their arrival was not without its excitements (see overleaf)



The Marchioness of Londonderry on Mythical Ray, a first-prize winner



Lady Meriel Brabazon with Major E. G. Howarth and Major R. F. Palmer



Major Hugh Humphrey-Sykes with Mrs. George Garrett, wife of the U.S. Minister



Joanne, Marchioness of Kildare and Miss Kavanagh



Lady Margaret Fortescue and Miss Penelope Forbes



The Hon. Jeanne French and Lady Goulding

AT BALLSBRIDGE



The team which won the Aga Khan jumping trophy for England for the second time in the Show's history: Lt.-Col. A. B. J. Scott on Lucky Dip, Major A. Carr on Notor, and Lt.-Col. H. Nicoll on Pepper Pot



Lt. G. Lewenhaupt, of Sweden, clearing the gate on Orfeus in the Military Jumping Competition on the first day of the Show



Prince Aly Khan with Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, Master of the Ward Union



Mrs. E. Rohan, winner of the Ladies' Hunters Championship, with Clogheen



The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket with her daughter, Doone, a competitor



Fennell, Dublin
Mr. N. Galwey-Greer's Mighty Fine, winner of the Coote Cup, the Laidlaw Cup and the Show Championship



The Earl of Lauderdale with the Hon. D. Conolly-Carew



Mr. Roderick More O'Ferrall with Miss Violet de Trafford



The Earl of Fingall with Miss Martha Butler, daughter of Lord Arthur Butler, and Mrs. Hirsch



Pool, Dublin
The Hon. Diarmid Guinness, son of Lord Moyne

Jennifer

HER SOCIAL
JOURNAL

Continued from page 232

ON Tuesday the Horse Show opened in much better weather, and by the time I arrived Rings 1, 2 and 3 were simultaneously full of heavy-, medium- and light-weight hunters being judged in their different classes, while mares and foals were walking round Ring 4. The heavy-weight hunter class was won by Mr. Galway-Greer's outstanding six-year-old chestnut, *Mighty Fine*, who next day went on to win the Coote Cup for the best weight-carrying hunter, the Bright Prospect Trophy, and the Laidlaw Champion Cup for the best hunter in the Show. In the medium-weight classes, Viscountess Bury's nice six-year-old *Mythical Ray*, a beautiful mover, was outstanding, and after winning his class went on to win the Joseph Widger Cup for the best medium-weight hunter. Cdr. K. C. Kirkpatrick and his wife were there to watch his two entries in the light-weight hunter class, *Clogheen*, ridden by their son, and *Fitzbilly*, ridden by their daughter. They were first and second, respectively, and next day *Clogheen* won the Samuel Ussher Roberts' Cup for the best light-weight hunter and was reserve champion to *Mighty Fine*.

Thursday was Ladies' Day, when shiny top-hats, riding habits and side-saddles were the order of the day. There were twenty-four entries in the first class and forty-three in the second. After preliminary judging in Ring 2, the judges, Mrs. V. D. Williams and Mrs. Kent, both fine horsewomen, called their pick into the big ring of the jumping enclosure for final judging. The Marchioness of Londonderry, on her daughter's *Mythical Ray*, rode beautifully and put up a fine performance to win the heavier class, and was the only woman I noticed in the big ring carrying a hunting crop, which was surely more correct than the short leather-covered sticks carried by the other women, as the conditions said "to be ridden by ladies side-saddle and wearing hunting costume." The light-weight ladies' class was won by Cdr. Kirkpatrick's *Clogheen*, ridden by Mrs. Rohan, with Miss Hall's *Summerhill* second, and these



Fennell, Dublin

The President's Arrival at the Show was the occasion of an exciting incident, when the horses drawing his landau took fright and swerved. The leaders 'are' seen being checked by a postillion, while an aide-de-camp holds the near side of the landau. In the background is the escort of Blue Hussars

two were first and reserve in the championship for ladies' hunters.

There were tremendous entries in the children's pony classes—in one class alone there were 124 entries! This was won by little Donal Corry on a bay pony, *Christabelle*, owned by his father, Cdt. Corry, who is, of course, one of the leading riders in the Irish military jumping team. Young Donal rides well and looks like becoming as fine a horseman as his father.

THE Show reached its climax on Friday, when the Grand International Military Jumping Competition (with teams of three horses from each country) for the Aga Khan Challenge Trophy took place. This was preceded by the arrival of the President and Mrs. O'Kelly, in an open carriage drawn by four horses with postillions, and escorted by a President's escort of the Blue Hussars, magnificent in their bright-blue uniforms and gold braid and trappings.

This year when the procession arrived not only were the horses of the escort very much on their toes and jumping about as they entered the arena, but the leaders in the President's carriage were very excited and could not face the clapping and cheering crowd. They whipped round and wheelers followed suit, swinging the carriage violently and breaking a trace, and what might have been a very nasty accident was only just averted by one of the postillions and some bystanders, who promptly ran to the horses' heads.

The President, with Mrs. O'Kelly and his two aides-de-camp, Col. O'Sullivan and Cdt. Heffernan, had to alight and finish their journey on foot to the Presidential box, where they were received by Prof. Dixon, president of the R.D.S., and Mrs. Dixon, very smart in light green with a white hat. Mr. de Valera arrived before the President and went straight up to the Presidential box, and near by I saw Lord and Lady Rugby, Mr. George Garrett, the new U.S. Minister, and his very attractive wife, who looked exceedingly chic in

a large off-the-face pink hat and navy-blue dress. The Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, the Canadian Minister of Reconstruction and Supply, who has been visiting the British Isles, was with Mrs. Howe. The Italian Minister and Signora Rizzio, the Rev. Monsignor Guio Paro, Secretary to the Apostolic Nunciature, the Minister of Justice and Mrs. Bolan, the Spanish Minister and Señora d'Artaza, and Mme. Ruzickova with the Czechoslovakian Minister, were others in the box.

There were six international military teams, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, England, France and Ireland, jumping in that order for the Aga Khan Cup, which was won by England with the magnificent total score in two rounds of nineteen faults. The excitement was tremendous, as at the end of the first round England only led from Ireland by the narrow margin of one point, but the Irish team lost 20 points in the second to our 6 points.

Lt.-Col. A. B. J. Scott, who skippered the team, Lt.-Col. Nicoll and Major Carr are to be congratulated on the wonderful performance they put up to win at last an international sporting event for England—we owe them an even deeper debt of gratitude, as they paid all their own expenses, and, I was told and believe I am right in saying, were the only team competing not financed by their Government. Capt. Holm, who was in the Swedish team, won the special prize for the best individual performance.

AMONG those I saw at the Show during the four days were Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt. Lord Powerscourt succeeded his father this year, and now lives at Powerscourt, the lovely family home near Dublin. The Countess of Meath, who was exhibiting a mare and foal and two yearlings, was at the Show with her daughters Lady Maureen Brabazon and Lady Meriel Brabazon with her fiancé, Major Howarth. Countess Fortescue flew over for the first three days of the Show with her husband, who was judging hunters, and their pretty daughter Margaret



Swabe

Wedding of Miss June Corfield to M. Jean Goblet d'Alviella

The bride and bridegroom cutting the cake. The bridegroom is the only son of Count and Countess d'Alviella

Sir Conrad Corfield, father of the bride, who is his only daughter, with Lady Herbert

Major A. B. Howard, M.C., R.A., Capt. N. Lothian and H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur at the reception

Viscount and Viscountess Bury, whom I saw there every day, were both exhibiting hunters. Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, who brought a party with them each day, including their attractive daughter, Mary, were chatting to Lord and Lady Ardee, who have taken a house in Ireland and are busy moving in.

THE Marchioness of Bute, in black, was looking very smart, and so did Vicomtesse de l'Hermit with her husband, who is president of the organising committee of the Nice Horse Show. The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunkett, who gave the most wonderful dance at Luttrellstown Castle on the Tuesday night, was coming from the stables with Mr. Warburg, of the U.S. Embassy here, and her younger daughter, Doone, who had been competing in the children's jumping competition. Lord Killanin and his very pretty wife I met leaving for home after the Aga Khan Cup. Mrs. Corbally Stourton was walking around with her two children, Nigel and Vanessa, the latter being reserve champion on her pony Tinker Bell to Miss Anne Murphy on her father's pony Nut, which won the cup for the best pony ridden by a girl.

OTHERS at the Show included Sir John and Lady Reynolds, Mr. Robin Laidlaw, Miss Joan Uprichard, who rode Mr. Allen's Marvelle well to win one of the jumping competitions on the opening day, Mrs. Jack Hirsch, Mr. Jack Dunfee, who bought a two-year-old at the Show, which he hopes will make into a good hunter, Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, Miss Marye Pole-Carew, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Hodson and his brother, Sir Edmond Hodson, with his attractive wife and young sons, Don Ferdinando d'Ardia Carraciolo and his wife, Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth, who have sold their home in Scotland, Miss Sharman Douglas and her brother Peter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Langford, the Marquess of Headfort, Lord and Lady Suirdale, pretty Mrs. Curt Wennburg, who was over from Sweden with her schoolgirl daughter Jeanne, and Lt.-Col. Conformi, whom I saw watching one of the classes with Lt. Ricci. Both were members of the Italian jumping team. Incidentally, it was the first time Italy has sent a team to the Dublin show since 1931.

I POPPED across to the Bloodstock Sales from time to time, where the prices were amazingly good. The top price during the week was paid by Major A. G. Clarke for a brown yearling colt by River Prince out of Damaris, for which he paid 4600 guineas. The Aly Khan, who was walking around the sale paddocks with Miss Violet de Trafford, paid 4000 guineas for Marullo, a yearling by Nasrullah, bred in Co. Kildare by Mr. Riordan. The Aly Khan, with his father, the Aga Khan, owns one of the biggest studs in Ireland, and is himself a very fine judge of a horse. A chestnut colt by Signal Light (sire of that grand sprinter, The Bug, which many of us remember with gratitude the last two years at Ascot) out of Nightmare, was sold for 2300 guineas to Mr. J. McVey, Jnr., who races in Ireland.

Others I saw at the sales were Mrs. Luke Lillingston with her son, the Earl of Harrington and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, the latter in brown, Lord Daresbury escorting Lady Helena Hilton Green, her brother Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. John de Pret, and Mrs. Darby Rogers with her husband, who is second in the list of winning trainers in Ireland this year. Mr. Kenneth Urquhart bought several lots, including Kells Cottage.

MR. CHARLES SWEENEY was sitting in the rostrum quietly watching the bidding, and so was Lord Rathdonnel, who bought a colt by Wavetop during the week. Others I saw at the Sales included Lord Merthyr's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Hewson, who now makes her home in Ireland, Mrs. Pat Grey, who has also settled in Ireland, Lady Isobel Milles, Mr. David Rawnsley, Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong, and Sir Richard Brooke, who said he was not sending his yearlings up until the September sales.

I have no more room to write about the parties, which I will include in my journal next week.



Dorothy Wilding

Princess Margaret Rose, to whom will go out the warm and affectionate good wishes of the nation on her seventeenth birthday to-morrow. Equally with her sister, Princess Elizabeth, she has endeared herself to the whole country, and is taking an ever more active part in public and social life as she approaches her majority

Lady Baring Gives Cowes Week Ball at Northwood House



Air Commodore Quinnell and Mrs. Cyril Drummond, who have just become engaged



Miss A. Holdron and Mr. Michael Heikford sitting out one of the dances



The Marquess of Camden and Miss Alexander were among the guests at the ball



Mr. S. Cannell, Miss Rosemary Greensill and Dr. Davies Jones were also present



Commander Gatey, of H.M.S. Superb, Mrs. Gatey and Capt. Taylor, Superb's captain



Rear-Admiral H. A. Packer, commanding 2nd Cruiser Squadron, Mrs. Packer and Commander Gatey



Lieut. Austen, R.N., Miss Gilly Aird and Lieut. Ravenshaw, Royal Marines



Major and Mrs. Keevil at the ball, which Lady Baring gives annually at Cowes



Dr. Hooker, Mrs. Lang, Mrs. Crosskey and Dr. Crosskey at the supper table



Mrs. Taylor-Young, Miss Kickley, Miss D. Taylor-Young, Capt. E. St. B. Kickley and an American guest

The Black Watch Give a Garden-Party at Doo'Cot Park, Perth



The Duchess of Atholl, who was one of the guests, with Col. Rusk



Col. N. D. Leslie, Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton of Skene, and Mrs. Sutherland were spectators at the cricket match between the Black Watch and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders



Lt. A. D. Wilson, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. P. Wilson, and Sub.-Lt. M. R. Wilson of Glenalmond



Miss Sutherland with Lady Cayzer and her children, Sir James Cayzer and Miss Cayzer



Major-Gen. V. M. Fortune, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Molteno and Mrs. D. I. Molteno



The Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their son, Viscount Stormont, were also at this very successful party



The Earl and Countess of Cadogan, who live at Murthly, Perthshire. The Earl is the seventh holder of the title



Lady Norie-Miller, Mrs. Geo. McKellar, Mrs. A. Campbell, Miss F. Campbell, Mrs. Younger and Mrs. Church



Self-Profile

Walter Forde

by

It is "more than somewhat," as Damon Runyon says, to ask a shy man to write his own portrait. Am I shy? I shouldn't be, I know. But I am. A lifetime in the show business should have cured me, but it hasn't.

The "lifetime" isn't an exaggeration. I entered the theatrical business at the comparatively early age of two months when, once nightly, I was thrown by my father through a back window during one of the more exciting moments of a drama called (I think) *When Lights Are Low*.

People who saw it say I put up a good show. The audience never failed to rise at the spectacle of my manly figure, complete in shawl, bib and tucker, going head-first through the window. As for myself, I always saw that I landed squarely in the clothes basket full of cushions that awaited me on the off-stage side of the window. You can't learn the art of self-preservation too early in the hurly-burly of show business.

I AM versatile. At least, I ought to be. My father had me trained in tumbling, eccentric dancing, singing, the piano, the violin, the concertina (one tune only), juggling, and what in those days we called cartooning but which might better be described as caricaturing. This last accomplishment, I should mention, was considered a very useful stand-by in those days of non-specialisation. I used it on the boards later—drawing larger-than-life caricatures of topical personalities and, as I finished the sketches, giving impersonations. The act was quite a hit.

To all this I must add office work. You would think that my father, going to all the trouble of such a training, had at least half an idea that I might follow him on the boards. But no. Like many an old-timer of those days, he was quite determined that no son of his should follow him in the profession. As soon as I was old enough, he found a most upright and respectable position for me, with the Abstiners and General Insurance Company. I think the Abstaining part of it particularly attracted him.

Of course, my early training was of no help. I often wonder why my father gave it to me. I suppose it was just in case. He could not forget my magnificent performance in *When Lights Are Low*—despite my extreme youth—and wished to take precautions. He overdid it, that was all. The manager of the Abstiners and General Insurance Company came unexpectedly into the office to find Master Walter Forde putting in a really big juggling act with the ink-pots. Sorrowfully he came to the conclusion that while such an act in the proper place would no doubt bring down the house, it was quite out of place for Abstiners. He sacked me on the spot.

WHICH brings me to my next love—one of my greatest—that of playing the piano. My father happened to be away when the sacking from the Abstiners took place. By the time he returned I had set myself up as the Boy Prodigy Pianist, complete in starched shirt, white tie and tails, playing the

"Moonlight Sonata" and Liszt's "Rhapsody No. 2" on the provincial halls at £6 a week all in.

I suppose the comparative respectability of a Boy Pianist reconciled my father to seeing his hopes so rudely dashed. He let me have my head. But respectability has never been my strong suit. A sense of fun always pokes its nose at it. I began fooling about in my act. I found the audience liked it. The more I fooled the more they laughed, and the more they laughed the more I fooled. In the end it became a comedy act pure and simple. The shameful result of this boyish vandalism was to double my salary.

It was my sense of fun that led me to take up making pictures. Films were grand fun in those days—especially the one-reel comedies I took to specialising in. None of your gag men, your elaborate scripts and elaborate sets. You set out in the morning in a taxi-cab, with a camera, a few ideas and a lot of hope. You didn't waste much money on extras. If you wanted a policeman in a chase, for example, you used a real one. You picked a likely-looking one; one of your confederates crept up behind him, tipped his helmet over his eyes and made off. The camera in the taxi-cab did the rest, carefully filming the enraged bobby as he made off after his assailant. Oh, yes, film-making was a job in those days for a man with a sense of fun.

I AM a lucky man, in some ways. Everyone has to have his slice of luck. Consider mine. I set out to storm the Hollywood citadel on the strength of an introduction to a film man who was living in Chicago. When I got to Chicago and the man's house, he took one look at me and slammed the door in my face! That doesn't sound so fortunate, and at first it wasn't. Hollywood without an introduction was a cold place indeed.

I was reduced to painting houses for a living. I might have been painting them yet, but for finding a five-dollar bill lying on the sidewalk. I might have done all sorts of things with it—notably, paying up some of my debts. Instead I went "on the bust," only to bump into a man who had been searching all America for me! The door-slaming in Chicago was all a mistake, it seemed. I had been mistaken for another man. To soothe my wounded feelings, I was given a 500-dollar-a-week contract with "Uncle" Carl Laemmle, writing, acting and directing my own comedies.

I am a philosopher. Anybody who has been in the show business long enough either becomes a philosopher or finishes in a strait-jacket. Coming back from America, the best thing I could land was 35s. a week playing the piano in picture houses. If you really want to appreciate what 35s. a week means, may

I recommend coming straight to it from 500 dollars?

I LIKE success; who doesn't? It is gratifying to see the things you have worked for being appreciated by those you made them for. I especially appreciate the success of so many of my comedies. People can always appreciate the good work in a straight film. Walter Forde directing *Rome Express*, *Saloon Bar*, *Forever England*, *Flying Fortress*. Very good. But what of those films that made the audiences split their sides? *Jack's the Boy*, *The Ghost Train*, *Bulldog Jack*, *Sailors Three*, and a host of others. They are just a laugh! Let me tell the world that a good comedy film is the most difficult piece of applied art imaginable; any man who sees his audiences laughing their heads off is entitled to a justifiable pride in a difficult task well done.

What I like best to make now is melodrama with a comedy slant. The only trouble is that you cannot find such stories every month of the year, and even if you could the public would probably not accept them. So I switch to my second-best choice—straight drama with a romantic interest.

In this category comes the recently completed *The Master of Bankdam*, my forty-ninth full length feature. This is the story of a Yorkshire wool manufacturing family during the latter half of the last century; a flourishing business built up by a shrewd and thrifty man, but endangered by the social aspirations of his eldest son's wife. I had the good fortune to have with me a cast including such gifted artists as Anne Crawford, Dennis Price, Tom Walls, Stephen Murray, Linden Travers, Jimmy Hanley, David Tomlinson and Nancy Price. You will be seeing it soon. I think you will like it. Next summer I shall start my fiftieth, *The Girl With Red Hair*.



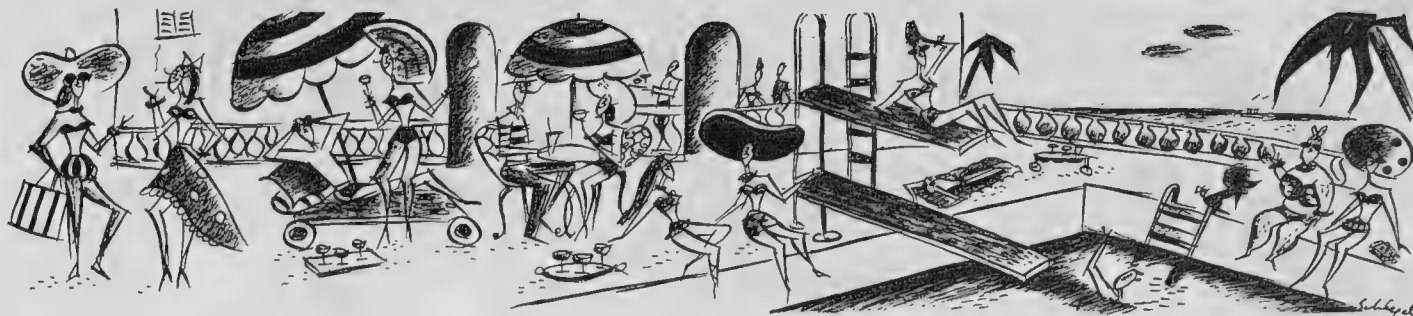
Hollywood, 1921

Walter Forde becomes a house-painter during a crisis in his early career

WHAT else can I say about myself? I like talking—provided other people do it, and do it well. I like stories, any sort of film story, grave or gay, to be moulded for showing on the screen. I am fond of snooker (I once—shades of my father's training!—earned a precarious living at it). I am, and always will be, an inveterate gambler. I like good cheer and good company. I like to think that I have a name for uprightness and honesty in all my dealings.

I am happily married. Very early in my career I had the good fortune to fall in love with my continuity girl and the wisdom to marry her. It was the beginning of a lifelong partnership not only at home but in my work as well, and I venture to think there are few "double acts" better known in the show world than Walter and Culley Forde.

And with it all I am still a shy man. I shouldn't be, I know. But I am.



Priscilla in Paris Heat Wave

OUR sleepless nights, at time of writing, are anything but *nuits blanches*. They are multicoloured, with orange strongly predominating, for under tightly-closed lids the memory of the day's flamboyant sun still flames. Finest linen sheets are as heavy and warm as cotton and the underside of the oft-turned pillow is never cool. The few short rainstorms we have barely had time to enjoy have done nothing to refresh the atmosphere. Raindrops cooled my hatless head last night, but they also spoiled a light frock fresh from the cleaners and dirtied the sandals of a small boy, who wiped them on my skirt in the Metro, to which I had dashed.

Nevertheless, I had enjoyed a pleasant evening dining "Chez Francis" after a day behind closed shutters. An occasional breeze, heralding the shower, blew up from the river across the Place de l'Alma, through the already russet-coloured leaves of the chestnut-trees and stirred the curtains of the pleasant room, with its wide-open doors and windows.

SINCE Christian Bérard made this restaurant the setting of the first act of *La Folle de Chaillot* it has become a centre of attraction to all visitors to Paris, whether they come from the provinces or abroad. The place was crowded and a babel of languages and dialects assaulted my ears, but I recognised no one. This hardly surprised me. Judging from the letters I get from friends, everybody is away.

All Paris, half of the States and a generous percentage of *Who's Who* seem to have forgathered at the Cap d'Antibes. But it is a calm and peaceful gathering. Eden Roc and its bathing-pool is as decorous as a *petit trou pas cher*. As Elsa Maxwell has said, "the days of wild parties are over!" Silence is the order of the day. Open exhausts are closed for the time being. People prefer not to be heard, and even

less seen. Ask me not why. Their super-luxury motor-boats are as silent as are the breath-taking 1948 cars that are parked under the trees of the *pinède* above the swimming-pool.

Sonja Henie, who swims as well as she skates, has arrived, by air, with her mama. Signora Perón has passed through (pleasure after a good deal of business!). Yvonne Vallée—who was once Mme. Maurice Chevalier—comes over from her little villa farther up the coast, where she is brewing perfumes and where she lives with her mother, a demure and solitary little figure. Rosie Netcher—who was once Rosie Dolly—exhibits the most sensational beach costumes and pyjamas that the Riviera has seen since the days of Mistinguett, and she is still the vivid, charming and amusing little person who, with her sister Jennie, captured the hearts of Paris and London theatre-goers.

Lily Pons, Léon Volterra (just back from a thinning cure at Brides les Bains) and his lovely young bride come to the Roc from their nearby villas, and a famous French general's son, staying incognito under the name of le Capitaine Guy, spends most of his time in the water, accompanied by his beautiful blonde wife. His resemblance to his father, however, renders the incognito somewhat futile.

The heat is terrific and the swimming-parties take place from late evening till dawn. The floodlit pool is very lovely, and on moonlight nights one swims far out in the sea.

DEAUVILLE scores just now, for it is very slightly cooler in Normandy. The Saturday night gatherings at the Ambassadeurs, Brummel's and Ciro's are gay and smart. One sees the loveliest frocks, worn by beautiful women. Lord and Lady Innes-Ker are *habitués* of this Plage des Fleurs, also Lady Prescott, the Comte and Comtesse de Leuse, the Princesse de Rohan, the Duc de Brissac, M. Paul Dubonnet, M. and

Mme. Midy (*née* Francé Dubonnet), Mr. Benjamin Guinness, Mme. Van den Heyde, the Comtesse de Castro, M. Schwob d'Héricourt, M. and Mme. Louis Bréguet, and M. Jacques Chabannes amongst others, while the stage is represented by Mme. Mary Marquet, whose return to the Comédie Française this autumn is announced, and Simone Simon (our "Pretty Peke"). Others at Deauville are Martine Carol, who finds that sea-bathing is really a more agreeable sport than midnight dips in the Seine; Jaqueline Delubac, who seems to have abandoned the stage for the moment, and very, very young Marcelle Derrien, who has come to near-stardom in René Clair's big film-hit *Le Silence est d'Or*, that features Maurice Chevalier.

PARIS in this heat is *ville morte*. Here and there one comes across straggling groups of young scouts of every shape, size and colour, who have come from all over the world for the Peace Jamboree, and who, as they await uncertain transportation to the huge camp at Moisson, some 35 miles from Paris, are making the usual round that includes the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Napoleon's tomb and, above all, the pastry and ice-cream shops! What energy.

Voilà!

● A Black Marketeer drives his truck laden with . . . various goods into the camouflaged garage of a Receiver. He is paid and turns to go. "Hi!" cries the Receiver, "you're forgetting your truck!" "That's all right," comes the answer, "you can keep the truck, too!"



A Georgian Ball is Held at Emsworth, Hants.

Dorothy Marshall, Havant

Back: Mr. Gordon Davidson, Mr. John Messenger, Mr. Stafford Cooke, the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Butler, sister-in-law of the Earl of Carrick, Mr. Maurice Church, Mr. John Brownlow, Mr. Noakes, Mr. John Rogers. Front: Miss Nancy Howard, Miss Cundall, Miss Angela Wheeler, Miss Karin Church, Mrs. Gordon Davidson and Miss Peta Turnbull

Mr. Stafford Cooke, of Dolphin House, Emsworth, Hants, gave a Regency Ball at his home recently in commemoration of a similar ball given by the Prince Regent for Princess Charlotte in 1805. Here Lady Creighton, wife of Rear-Admiral Sir K. Creighton, is with Mr. John Brownlow, Miss Karin Church, Mr. Maurice Church, and the host

YACHTSMEN HAD A GLORIOUS COWES WEEK



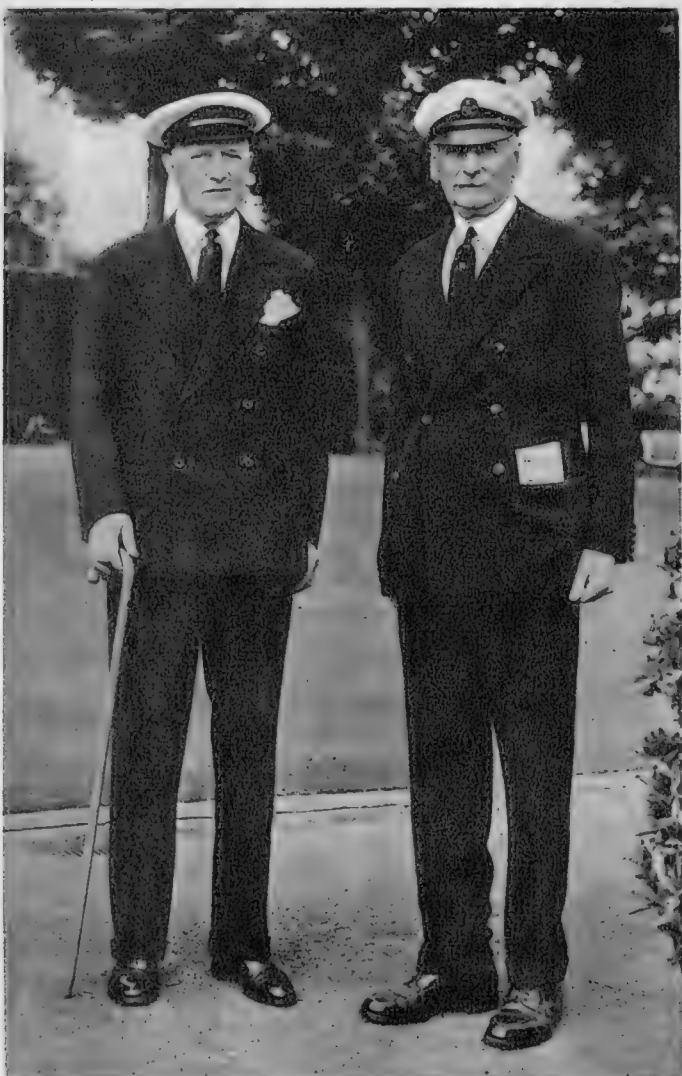
Marquess Camden discusses the wind and weather prospects with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton



Lord and Lady Iliffe come ashore at the Royal Yacht Squadron jetty at Cowes



Sir Godfrey Baring, chairman of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute, and Lady Baring



Sir Ralph Gore (right), Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Viscount Camrose, Vice-Commodore



Lord Brabazon of Tara and Sir Derrick Gunston, formerly M.P. for Thornbury, Glos.



Major Luxmore and Col. Wiggins, both of whom are members of the Royal Yacht Squadron



Mr. Michael Crean, Mr. Glyn Blaxter, Mr. Charles Taylor, M.P. for Eastbourne, and Col. Basil Brooke



Miss J. Colegate by Mr. A. Locock



Dragon yachts racing in a stiff breeze during the Royal Thames Yacht Club regatta in Ryde Week, which made a lively curtain-raiser to Cowes Week, in which many classes had record entries, while the weather throughout was excellent



Miss Gunston and Lady Gunston, wife of Sir Derrick Gunston, walking from the car park



Commodore and Mrs. Warden Gilchrist chatting with Colonel Towers Clark



Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Fremantle after racing their yacht Sleuth in the Dragon class



Lady Mills and Lady Spencer Spriggs, wife of Sir Frank Spencer Spriggs



Regatta comes ashore from a yacht, followed by Lochell Campbell and Miss A. Colegate



The Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, Lord Iliffe's daughter-in-law, Mr. Philip Colville, Mrs. Peter Townsend and Mr. Herbert du Plessis



Sir William Acland with the Misses Sally and Patsy Acland, Mr. Simon Bowes-Lyon and Lt.-Col. Acland



"That one's a bit flat, don't you think?"



"I know, I know—have we heard anything about a round, white golf-ball!"



"Have you got a clean hanky we could throw into the ring? Our towel's filthy"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

WHEN the celebrated General Yin Hao was cashiered and broken a few centuries ago for mishandling the rebellion at Yan Hsiang, he took his punishment (unlike most generals) with impassive courtesy, merely writing in the air with one finger all day long: "Oh! Oh! Strange business!" Similar good manners prevail in the Chinese Black Market today, we gather from a Shanghai message about a recent murder.

Why our own Black Market magnates should be such fearful cads nobody seems to know, except that the influence of the Public Schools on the racket is negligible, most of its leading public-school members being at the moment in the cooler. All the more reason, therefore, for importing tutors from the Chinese Branch. If you say our Black Market has no use for airs and graces, that is a pure fallacy, as the West End nightclub boys of the 1920's discovered when they found courtesy invariably evoking courtesy.

"Is that the Purple Dustbin? Joe here."
"But how charming!"

"We're thinking of a little raid. . . . I wonder if next Sunday about 3 a.m. would suit you?"

"So terribly sorry! Our busiest night! What about the Tuesday following?"

"Splendid. Ten thousand thanks."
"Thank you."

Footnote

FROM the Chinese Black Market our native thugs would learn not only the nice conduct of a clouded cosh and the most graceful literary manner of presenting an alibi after a £10,000 warehouse coup, but such elegant trifles as the right way to hit a woman in the grill-room of the Magnifique, and so forth. Charming of itself, and a nice surprise for the Public Schools contingent when let out.

Victoriana

A RECENT tribute to the first Lord Avebury, who gave the Race its four Bank Holidays or Holy Days a year (as compared with about 25 a year in the Middle Ages), left out one interesting thing about that benefactor, namely that he later knocked the Victorians cold again by selecting the Hundred Best Books.

This got your whiskery forbears down and out. Not till the 1890's did anybody think of a come-back, and naturally it came from Oscar Wilde. Somebody said to Wilde: "What do you consider the Hundred Best Books?" and

Wilde said: "Don't be absurd, I've only written five, so far." This, on being explained to several members of the House of Lords and leading clubmen (see Max Beerbohm's drawing of Lords Londonderry and Curzon explaining to the Duke of Devonshire a joke by Mr. Edmund Gosse), was held to be in extremely bad taste.

Apropos, we bet you can't tell us why every bearded Victorian aged 60 and upwards with an income of over £5000 a year exactly resembled Lord Salisbury? It was post-Darwinian natural selection, or protective colouring.

Rap

THE slow approach of Autumn, avers our favourite Nature boy, explains that soft melancholy note in the song of the willow-wren. And what about the slow approach of the Nature boys?

Gilbert White of Selborne (we've often thought, reading between the lines) sometimes guessed he was not precisely *persona gratissima* with the birdies, and even realised, possibly, that one or two sad bird-songs were a personal crack at him, on behalf of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. E.g., the song of the Lesser Spotted Guffin:

Treading light on
Buckled toe,
Parsons come and
Parsons go,
Trapesing round the
Blinking county,
What's the point of
Queen Anne's Bounty?
Matings, calls, and
Hibernations—



What about them
Congregations?
Rev. G. White, this
Goes for you,
Ain't you got no
Work to do?

Actually Mr. White, as he himself admitted, hadn't much; nor, maybe, have some of the country clergymen who keep Auntie Times regularly posted about the habits of birdies. One wouldn't presume to suggest a refresher-course in Hooker or Jeremy Taylor, one merely feels our feathered chums have a case, and no glass one at that.

Experience

THAT airliner wrecked recently in the Andes had no such luck, alas, as a passenger-plane wrecked in the Andes a little time ago by René Jouglet in his excellent novel *Valparaiso*. Thus does Fiction continue to show up her imitator, Life, as a fumbler, a botcher, and a clumsy oaf.

Evidently M. Jouglet had been through it. Blown like a leaf by terrific winds down an enormous corridor of sheer mountains, the Argentine pilot in his story knows that only the rebound of air from the cliffs on either side keeps the plane from being dashed to pieces, and that any defile, to right or left, will see the end. Ultimately he crash-lands on a snow-patch with great skill and is killed. The passengers have then only to walk a few hundred miles through a maze of skyscraping snowy peaks, swamps, trackless bush, forest, and rivers to the nearest human habitation. A grim experience, and we think every booky boy who writes hair-raising adventure stories should go through it beforehand in the same manner, instead of resting his plump arrogant trousers in a softly-cushioned chair in London, with well-tamed women fussing round him and obeying every petulant whim.

We often wonder why you put up with these pink charlatans. (No offence.)

Purge

WHY the leading publicity-boys have suddenly turned into Humanity's Pals, as you may have discovered from a recent rash of ads, is quite a story, we gather from a chap in the racket. It started, as usual, with a blonde.

This blonde, Baby by name, was rung for by Big Izzy Gizzick, her boss, to take some dictation just before 5 p.m., and was naturally

furious. "You can't do this to me, Izzy," she said, "I've got a date in ten minutes." This conversation ensued:

"Have a heart, Baby, this is important."

"Nothing you could do would be important, Izzy, not if it was ever so."

"Maybe it's not important by me so I should grab this Gumpo contract?"

"You should ought to be ashamed of yourself anyway, Mr. Gizick, you putting that dope across."

"Sucker-conscious, huh?"

"Yuh."

(Exit Baby. Mr. Gizick weeps. Enter the Spirit of Service, rather embarrassed.)

"Hello there, Gizick."

"Hello, there."

"Listen, Gizick, I been thinking—maybe that baby's right."

"Hey! Lis-sun—"

The Spirit of Service suggested a more uplifting angle. Saps must be jollied, not driven. "Feed 'em the big-brother stuff," urged the Spirit of Service. "Saps have their feelings like everybody else." And that, briefly (says our informant), is how Mr. Gizick and the boys became Everybody's Buddies.

S.F.R.

ACCURATELY observing that the wealthy have been unpopular in every age, a recent thinkerette reminded us forcibly of the now-defunct Society of Friends of the Rich, founded in Mayfair some time ago by a kindhearted chap we know.

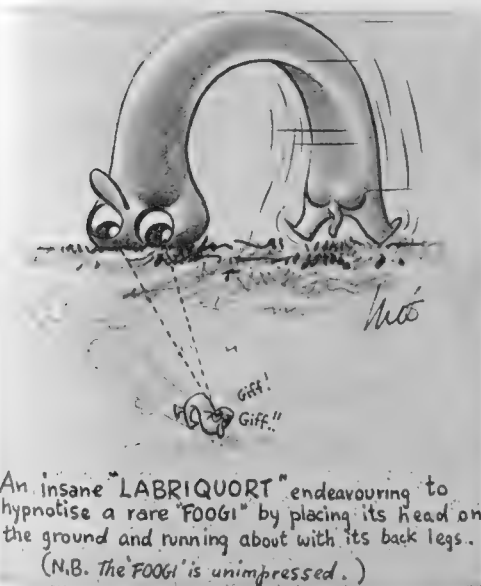
A manifesto was drawn up and we contributed a militant Ode in heroic metre, of which you might like to hear the opening lines:

Friends of the Rich! whom danger never daunts,
Who tend the Wealthy in their frightful haunts,
Sharing the anguish of their bitter days,
Steadfast to cherish, comfort, cheer, and praise—
Stout hearts, work on! A silver soup-tureen,
Alas, has caught Miss Busy on the bean;
Propelled by menial feet through Eaton Square,
Poor Mrs. Pegaway has got the air;
In Green Street Uncle Joe has lost his pants,
Auntie's been murdered by the rich in Hants,
And Percy, victim of a mad carouse,
Was lately thrown off two fine yachts at Cowes;
Miss Upcher's better, though not free from pain,
But Archie Gowlie will never walk again . . .

The S.F.R. Executive rejected this ode as discouraging. Oddly enough it came partly true, the founder himself getting his packet while dragging a big financier away from a tiny but lethal actress. Such are the rewards of charity.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



Baron

Edana Romney is still comparatively unknown in this country, but this brilliant young South African actress will soon be in the limelight with her first starring part in her own production, *Corridor of Mirrors*, which has its London première in the early autumn. She wrote the script herself, and though other producers were anxious to buy it, she kept it until the day when she and her husband, Rudolph Cartier, the producer, would be able to make it themselves. They have now filmed it in Paris with Eric Portman co-starring and Barbara Mullen and Hugh Sinclair playing other feature roles

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A MAN and his wife were starting off on their holiday. The train was rather crowded and they just managed to secure two seats with "back to the engine." The husband, who always felt ill travelling backwards, began to look a little green after a time, so he asked the man opposite to change places with him. With a sympathetic glance at the sufferer's face, the one opposite got up and changed over.

On the return journey the couple had to separate and travel in different carriages. When they met at the terminus the wife noticed that her husband looked ill. "Why didn't you change places again, dear?" she asked. "Oh, I couldn't," replied the man. "There was no one to ask!"

"I GOT my start in life," said the rich man impressively, "through picking up a pin in the street. I was refused employment by a merchant, and on my way out I saw a pin. I—"

"Yes, I know; you picked it up; the merchant was impressed by your carefulness, called you back, and from that moment you never looked back. I have heard that tale so often."

"No, I saw the pin, picked it up and sold it. It was a diamond one."

TWO wives in the States went off for a summer vacation, leaving their husbands to keep house as best they might. One evening they purchased a 4-lb. sirloin. They left it on the kitchen-table while they went into the dining-room for a couple of cocktails. The couple grew into more and they were slightly rocky when they re-entered the kitchen, but not rocky enough to overlook the fact that their 4-lb. sirloin had disappeared. A frantic search proved unproductive, but then one of the men noticed that the cat was licking his whiskers with an uncommonly satisfied air. "I'll bet that cat ate our steak," he exclaimed. "There's one way to find out," said the other grimly. He seized the cat by the scruff of the neck and deposited it on the bathroom scales. Sure enough, it weighed exactly 4 lbs. "Well," he announced triumphantly, "there's our beef, all right. Now where's the cat?"

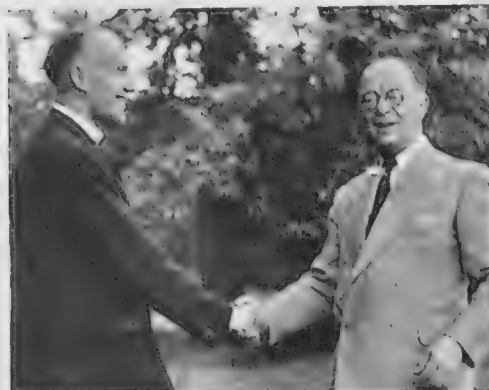
ONE day at a baptism service a couple were having some difficulty in quieting their infant son. The baby yelled so lustily that the parents were scarlet with embarrassment. In an effort to put the couple at ease, the pastor beamed at the congregation as he happily remarked, "And the baptism of this little baby gives me great pleasure—it was such a very short time ago I married his parents!"

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire



Naunton Wayne discusses a cricket-bat with Basil Radford. The Windsor Park XI. consists of members of the King's Household



The Rev. R. R. Churchill, a Chaplain to the King, who organised the match, shakes hands with Leslie Henson



Robertson Hare, who made 5 runs for the defeated actors' XI., with Constance Lorne, who was the leading lady in his last play



Sir C. Aubrey Smith, non-playing captain of the Stage and umpire, talking to Gordon Little. The last time Sir Aubrey played cricket was in Hollywood, at the age of eighty

Windsor Great Park XI.
Play the Stage XI.

HERE is something about which even those of us who are not jockeys may have to think very seriously—wasting without State aid, since it is obvious that anyone whose "fair, round belly" looks too well-lined with good capon, or anything else, may get a nasty sour look from the Minister of Food or any of his myrmidons who may happen to spot him. It may be as well to produce several alternative methods for melting this too, too solid flesh, since everyone's lines are not cast in the same places. So here goes for a few little hints: Ride and work in a muffler and sweater on at least four of the most vulgar horses you can find; then put on some woolly gloves and walk five miles or more. Arrived home, shed all your dripping clothes, get a cane-bottomed chair, place under same a bucket of boiling water; sit on chair with one big blanket pinned behind neck and another pinned in front, thus forming a wigwam. Stick it for as long as you can. Then you may have breakfast: a square inch of toast and a sherry-glass of tea with a squeeze of lemon in it.

After about two hours stand or lie easy, (a) get into a whiff in two sweaters (a racing shell in your emaciated condition might be plumb suicide); (b) into a fencing jacket and meat safe, and fight at least seven pools; or (c) box ten rounds with a rough sparring partner. Repeat wigwam after lunch (dry biscuit and liqueur glassful of any famous corpse-reviver); lie dormant for an hour, then walk or run a couple of miles; then home, a wisp down and a go at the punching ball, or, say, an hour with the skipping-rope? Then dinner—a rusk and a sip or two of some claret dry enough to curl up your tongue. Then I suggest you may go to bed under two eiderdowns.

Of course, this thing must not be carried too far, since we should always bear in mind the sad case of the famous jockey whose empty tummy resulted in an empty head with a bullet inside of it.

Dublin's Great Show

WHICHEVER way it may have struck you or me or the other chap, I believe that when we have thought it over we shall always agree that it has been in just the same way as fox-hunting hit the dear old lady, who said: "It's not the hares, nor the hounds, nor the rid coats but the anturraj!" I suggest that this is so very true of the greatest and best horse show in the wide world. There is nothing quite like it, and nothing to touch it as a pure exhibition, and there is also that "anturraj"—the witty badinage and back-chat, the chaff and cordiality, to say nothing of the fun, that can be knocked out of all the coping and cajolery.

"And ye can tell um from me, I hope his (censored) old dinner 'll choke um!" the very words said to me by a lovely damsel, who had had the hardihood to ring one in, and been caught out by one of the judges! The two steeds were the spit and image of one another, bar that the off coronet of one was white and the near one of the other. And me expected to tell the judge that I hoped the dinner he was giving me would kill him! "And what weight would ye say me pony's up to, Thady," says she, riding a beautiful 14-st. hunter. "In a cart about a ton!" says the brutal and unromantic Thaddeus. How he had the heart, and she even better to look at than the horse, faultless as he was.

And the yarns! That one about Mrs. Dugan and the lady going round collecting for the Inebriates' Home. "Would ye be after giving me a trifle, Mrs. Dugan, dear?" "Faix, if ye 'll wait till eight o'clock, Oi 'll give ye Dugan!" Then that red, rampaging chestnut pulling the very arms out of the lad on top, that "you could ride with a hay rope in his mouth," and that other one that would have won at Punchestown if he wasn't too valuable to risk all amongst those dirty

steeplechasing blaygyards, who'd knock you over and spread yer brains on the grass as soon as look at you. Also the goose-rumped, cat-hemmed one with the magnificent front on him that the would-be seller kept crabbing the way the possible buyer would not notice the wrong end of him?

"Anturraj!" That's the real attraction if you feel the same way about Ireland as I do. On top of it all, there is not much of the circus business excepting in the high-jumping events. The walls and banks are real and not the ersatz things over which the trick jumpers lep so nimbly. What a pity all jumping tests are not over the real thing instead of over gaily-painted bars and gates, and so forth, that you never see out hunting. What a holy mess some of these helicopters would make of a real yawner, or the stout ash rails on the Billesdon side of the South Quorn! I am sure they would stand them up on end every time, especially if they had to take them on after about six miles rapid over the sometimes very exhausting ridge and furrow.

Goodwood Aftermath

IT is suggested that we turn the spotlight on to (1) Pride of India, (2) Sayajirao and (3) Combat, since these seem to be the only ones left to light the road stretching ahead of us. There is also, of course, Monsieur L'Amiral, about whom we all know so much, for it is always on the cards that he might repeat his last year's Cesarewitch performance. His Goodwood Cup win added nothing to our knowledge, for when Reynard Volant had to be scratched, there was nothing whatever in his way.

It is most probable that we shall hear a lot more about Pride of India when next year's classics begin to interest us seriously. After the National Breeders' Produce Stakes over 5 furlongs on July 19th, in which he finished three lengths behind The Cobbler, Delirium dividing them, a very shrewd judge said to me: "I'd rather own him than either of the other two that beat him." I then thought that this was because he is quality personified; but now at Goodwood over 6 furlongs he wins in a hack canter (so far as the rest were concerned), for, of course, one ought not to talk of a hack canter when the time was 1 min. 13½ secs. This wipes out the fact that neither Ottoman nor Howdah look like setting the Thames on fire.

When they start shouting the odds about next year's Derby, I shall not be surprised if Pride of India is not at a shorter price than that honest cut-and-come-again customer, The Cobbler, good as I believe Lt.-Col. Giles Loder's colt to be. Pride of India has the looks and style of any that I have personally seen so far.

Next, our friend Sayajirao! If ever I saw one that is bone lazy, he is it. He won that Warren Stakes 1 mile 3 furlongs 200 yards by only half-a-length, and Britt had to shake the gizzards out of him to make him do it—and he not blowing snuff off a sixpence after it. I did not think he was the least bit interested, and was merely ruminating upon what a nice fine day it was and how beautifully green was the grass. It would probably be a good thing to put a sharp pair of hooks into him on Leger day. He is a beautiful outline of a racehorse, and I am convinced a good one, but he is very like the other six gentlemen of Ephesus in his ways.

Combat? They say he will not run in the Leger, but I cannot help feeling that he might beat more than beat him if he did. Poor Partition! It is obvious that the jar to his physical structure and his nervous system on Guineas day has left a deeper mark than anyone imagined. As to the rest, it looks too much like guess-work to me. Only the trainer can know the possibilities where Merry Quip is concerned, and Queenpot's devastating defeat of the opposition is a bit discounted by the weakness of it. Sir Percy Loraine, to whom all good luck, owns one very like the belle of the ball.



Watching the play on the last day: Lt.-Col. Mathew-Lannowe, Miss Tessa Maxwell, Mrs. Pat Maxwell, G/Capt. Pat Maxwell and Miss Jill Maxwell. The teams consisted of three a side, and the ground was rather smaller than usual



The Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell, daughter of Lord Denman, and the Hon. Mrs. Alistair Gibb, Lord Cowdray's elder sister

Polo Tournament at Cowdray Park, Midhurst

Post-war polo was further stimulated by the recent American tournament in Cowdray Park, the scene of similar matches in Goodwood Weeks before the war. Four teams, Cowdray, Cotswold, Henley and Friar Park, competed, and Cowdray won the silver cup with a smaller number of goals against them than against the other teams



Viscount Cowdray watches Countess Wavell presenting the silver challenge cup to his twin sister, the Hon. Mrs. G. A. Murray, who captained the Cowdray team



Photographs by G. G. Garland
Lady Douglas Gordon, Field Marshal
Earl Wavell and Capt. Nicholls

Scoreboard



WHAT phun it must have been when you could spelle the Englysh language just enyhow, not phonetically or eny such nonsense, but as you pleezed; in the days when there was no School Certificate and no one bothered to shove clumps of meaningless letters after their name, just

because they'd bought them from some obscure University in order to land some bogus post; pardon, I mean in order to enter some intellectual profession.

So, it is pleasant to read of Parson James Woodfoorde enjoying, in New College hall, a brace of birds called Graus, "that came from Williams Junr. out of Wales, as a present to Webber for reading for him during his absence in Chapel." Now, o'er moor and tarn and fell, and where the curlews call, and by gully, tor and dell, and, doubtless, over Locksley Hall—curse this poetic gift—the Graus fly, hunted by lean, keen-eyed sportsmen of moderate incomes; and by fat, pop-eyed cads, stinking of money filched from the unwary and propping their bellies against the bending butts. "What a face, what a face," croak the birds, as they swerve, nauseated, away from Sir Midas Pancreas's empurpled wattles. Maybe it's something even worse that they croak, but, as I am not one who suffers from the Wind in the Willows, I am not well up in the language of Bird and Beast.

I WAS scarce more than a stripling when last I fired all round the Graus. It was near those borders where once the families of Percy and Douglas burnt each other's property and confiscated each other's wives, prospective and otherwise, and no one listened to the 6 o'clock News.

The hill of Dinlabyre was often wrapt in mist. At any moment a brace of Brontë's might have

broken cover, or the ghost of a Provost of Hawick. Sport verged at times on the random. Uncle C. went forward to take advantage of the 'cross-wind, and returned, somewhat paler, with a pellet in the peak of his cap. Brother B., after one long and fruitless day, fired at a turnip, "because it annoyed him."

One evening, there arrived at the little hotel—fried eggs and bacon for tea—two brothers: John Buchan, and his brother Walter, Procurator-Fiscal for Peeblesshire. John and my father talked far into the night on fly-fishing and the names of obscure villages in half-uncharted Ireland. Memory held the door. Walter, I recall, had had nearly enough of the walking-tour, and, in the morning, limped away in heavy silence, half-a-yard behind his invincible and elastic brother.

IN boyhood, we went ferreting at Plumpton. On the first morning we were to be shown round the venue by a supposed gamekeeper, who turned out to be the long-sleeping partner in a firm of monumental masons—and, on this occasion, drunk. Every time a shot was fired, he shouted out, "Pop-pop-pop-pop; seek-and-fetch'er, then, Joe." Joe was a large tawny dog of confused ancestry, with a face like Mr. Gladstone's, but without that statesman's intelligence. After lunch, his master went to sleep behind a hedge. An enjoyable outing; far more so than many a day when everyone feels that to miss a bird is a social disaster and almost a moral delinquency.

MY earliest shooting, should you care, was with an air-gun on the tennis lawn, at a cousin who, at 20 yards, bent tight in corduroy shorts and charged a penny a shot. To what will man not stoop in his cursed greed for gold?

Cease, idle prattle. A covey of starling approaches. Richardson, prime my 20-bore. Wow; missed again.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

THE sad part about many monuments is their stoniness, which may seem to place the person they would commemorate back in the coldness of other time. But *John Buchan, by His Wife and Friends* (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is what seems ideal—a living monument to a man who lived life to the full. In part a composite memoir, in part a series of portraits by different hands, this book has a wider range than most biographies. It supplements *Memory Hold-the-Door*, John Buchan's great autobiography, and is so arranged as not to cover the same ground as Anna Buchan's *Unforgettable, Unforgotten*, with its picture of the Scottish childhood and early youth.

It is true, of course, that a sincere man is, in essence, the same with, as he is the same to, everybody. But equally, each different friendship and working association brings some different aspect of the character or development of the powers into play—A. will dwell most on this; B. singles out, with particular fondness, that; C. has a run of memories quite his own. This appears, adding richness to the talk, when a group of people speak of a friend in common—and exactly this effect of a seeing from many sides has been caught here.

Such diversity could have made for confusion, had the material been less skilfully arranged: as it is, the contributions from friends have been so placed as to render, each in turn, their full value and, also, to set one another off. The arrangement, or plan, of the book devolved upon Lady Tweedsmuir, into whose own memoir of her husband the chapters by the friends have been interleaved: it is her memoir which gives us the continuity.

WERE it not for the interest and intimacy of the contributions, one could regret that the memoir has to be interrupted. Lady Tweedsmuir's account of her own childhood and family background, with its people and London and country scenes, has a vividness, grace and humour which from the first hold one: then comes the meeting with John Buchan, the marriage and early married life, the successive homes, the friends, the children, the holidays and the travels. The sense of this life together as being a shared adventure with shared ideals, of each year bringing fresh discoveries and assurances, is beautifully communicated to these pages. The balance of the whole is to be admired, the smiles shared.

The John Buchan's London, particularly the London of the First World War, comes in this memoir so very much to life that the personal memories of many readers will be rekindled. Against the sunny or clouded background of the changing years one watches the expansion of those many activities. There is, too, the Scotland of family holidays, of the open air with friends, and of the Holyrood week when, in 1930, John Buchan was High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland. There is the House of Commons—context of that delightful passage on page 117. And there is Elsfield—the Oxfordshire home which, found after long search, was to become so full of atmosphere and to play a part in so many lives. Those who have been at Elsfield may find it hard to put themselves in

"John Buchan"

"Lord, I Was Afraid"

"The English People"

"Return to Night"

the position of those who have not; but I think that even for the stranger Lady Tweedsmuir will have succeeded in making the house live.

A. L. Rowse's "John Buchan at Elsfield" adds, at this point, to the picture:

—the memory of the man he was: that quick, spare, gallant figure, with the grave face and frosty northern eyes that could yet sparkle with liveliness and good humour, with his old-fashioned Scots courtesy and birdlike quickness of movement, walking cap in hand and in loose-fitting tweeds along the lanes and up the hill from Marston to his home on the brow of Elsfield overlooking Oxford; or walking on the terrace in the green shades of a summer evening, looking down upon Otmoor and, in the gathered blue of distance, his beloved Cotswolds; or, again, sitting on a low chair in a corner of the library at Elsfield, the firelight leaping up and gleaming in the ranks of books, himself the heart and soul of the talk.

The foundation of his life, I realise now, was the principle of Christian love. He really loved people. And everything, apart from his gifts—though they derived strength from it—sprang from that. There was the secret spring of the two qualities that were so marked in him: the limitless, the un-sleeping sense of duty, the breadth and catholicism of his sympathy. . . . He was a good deal of a stoic—except that, to balance that strain in him, no one had a greater natural gift for the enjoyment of life.

Moyra Charlton, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. G. E. Charlton, C.B., and Mrs. Charlton, has written many popular children's books, including "Patch, the Story of a Mongrel," and "The Midnight Steeplechase," published by Methuen. Last December she married Mr. Kenneth MacAllister Macleod, D.S.C., of Taynuilt, Argyll



Scott and Montrose. Catherine Carswell—who helped with the preparation of this book and has not, alas, lived to see it appear—gives in her own chapter, "A Perspective," not only the history of a friendship, but her own, a perceptive, reading of character. "He was indeed a romantic, in the same mode as Alexander, generating action continually from romance. Romance was at the source of his activity and of his suavity—romance and religion; heroes and the gods. . . ."

Two fellow-Scotsmen have sent portraits—Charles Dick, lifelong friend, who writes from his Shetland Manse, and Walter Elliot: the first dwells on the youth, the second on later life and the House of Commons days. Roger Merriman—also not with us now—recalls his first meeting with the undergraduate John Buchan; and Mrs. Killick, who, as trusted secretary, worked with him for many years, describes his method of work (important, surely, for one may ask oneself how one man, in one not long lifetime always taxed by ill-health, got through so much.)

The last phase is Lord Tweedsmuir's Governor-Generalship of Canada, from 1935 up to the year of his death. His wife's account of life there,

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE name of Jeanne Demessieux is well known in France, but not particularly so in this country. Admittedly she broadcast in the Third Programme some few weeks ago . . . but I am sure when you have heard her playing Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor* you will know that here is an organist who will make her mark throughout the world.

Walt Disney introduced this music to a very wide public in *Fantasia*, but here it is recorded in its proper setting. It is the first organ solo to be made with the use of full-frequency range recording, and apart from the execution of the soloist, this is something technically excellent. The tone of the organ has been perfectly reproduced in all its glory.

The record was made at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, London, and I know of no other organ record to equal it. Mlle. Demessieux is a pupil of M. Marcel Dupré, whose recordings of the organ of Notre Dame in Paris will be remembered . . . but I am sure he will be the first to admit that nothing he has recorded can come up to the technical standard of reproduction of this first disc by his talented pupil (Decca M.1635).

Robert Tredinnick.

and of immense journeys taken through the Dominion, is vivid: it has been supplemented by an admirable chapter by Leonard Brockington, who gives a Canadian's angle, and quotations from Lord Tweedsmuir's speeches during that time. "No one," says Mr. Brockington, "understood the new Canadians better than he—the men and women with many pasts—the pasts of Europe—and one future—the future of Canada. . . ." The final chapter, "J.B.," is by the third of John Buchan's sons, Alastair.

NIGEL BALCHIN's popularity as a novelist is ensured: he may write what he likes, he will be read. He is one of those fortunate people who seem to be unable to be dull; therefore, his bold originality has been (as it is not always to writers) a sheer gain.

Three novels—*Darkness Falls From the Air*, *The Small Back Room* and *Mine Own Executioner*—have, in a short space of time, established him. Now, he chooses to give us (and I respect him for doing so) something the general reader may find a good deal harder to take. The news that *Lord, I Was Afraid* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is, as the wrapper puts it, "not a Nigel Balchin novel in the ordinary sense" may, to some of us, come as a disappointment. This new book is, in fact, written in the form of a play—though not one to be performed upon any stage. Its subject is, the predicament of a generation—that generation (born around 1908, coming to maturity after the 1914-18 War) being his own.

For ten years Mr. Balchin has been meditating upon and working at this book; which should, therefore, be taken as dealing with his real, underlying, nagging preoccupation. The three novels written during that same time—built for speed, and so readable as to appear effortless—may be seen as offshoots from this other. I wonder whether it may not be a test of the genuine writer that there should be one book he has more or less got to write, acceptable or otherwise to the reader as it may prove. *Lord, I Was Afraid*, which is more comprehensible than James Joyce's *Finnigan's Wake*, and less forbidding than Gustave Flaubert's *Temptation of St. Anthony*, may, with Mr. Balchin, have been a case of this. Everything here written matters to him intensely, and matters so deep down that he has had to use symbols to express it. Everything here written is for him a felt and a tested truth. Coming from any other pen than Nigel Balchin's, I doubt whether *Lord, I Was Afraid* would be widely read. As it is, it will and it should be. But it requires thought.

Mr. Balchin has always had a burning sense of predicament: all his novels have hinged on it. Here, we watch seven characters, all of the age-group, through a series of scenes, from 1926 up to our present year and onward, then into the future. Phillip Locke, Anne whom he is to marry, Raymond, and Sheila Murray, Peter and Pamela Hargreaves, and Punch Hopkins are all as real to us and as sharply differentiated from one another as could be characters in the most straightforward novel: at the same time, they move in a world (or on a stage) of expressionist scenery, among masked, shifting, symbolic figures.

As in a mystery play they are, singly or together, confronted by specific ordeals. Sometimes we have the language of the scientific formula, sometimes an image drawn from mediæval legend. The book closes with a dialogue between Phillip (who has remained the spokesman character) and Methuselah, surrounded by rising floods. "Do you," asks the Ancient, "think God has so little to do that he would waste time making a set at your particular, tiny group? Do you think the regulations were cunningly devised to victimise the Class of 1908?"

We stood [in turn, replies Phillip] at a cross-roads of time, with all the signposts down. We saw error and ignorance and prejudice and stupidity go marching boldly down the roads away from somewhere and towards anywhere. The bands were playing and the flags flying. It would have been easy to follow. But we stood there, fumbling for our lost compass and our missing map—waiting for the stars to come out and give us a bearing; waiting until it was light; and in the end, waiting because we have always waited. That was our failure. . . . And we must drown for it. Yes, yes, we know. We have no complaint, and ask no mercy. It is for God to decide what sort of man he wants. . . .

GEORGE ORWELL is, again, a thinker and spokesman of the generation of which Mr. Balchin writes. Mr. Orwell, perhaps, was considered to be somewhat alarming and recon- siderable until the publication of his *Animal Farm* brought him right forward into popular view— anything about animals, in this country, may be taken to be pretty certain to be all right, and the political parable could be pursued or not.

Now, in the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 5s.), George Orwell gives us a quite brilliant essay, *The English People*. Within the Series' space-limit of 10,000 words he manages to see and to say much. "Those," say the publishers, on the wrapper, "who read this book may find much to make them angry—much with which they will disagree." I wonder. . . . Mr. Orwell writes boldly, though amicably, from the Left; but I do not think one can say his book is in any sense a political tract. It is, rather, a frank and unbiased examination of a people, the English, he does seem to know well. A foreigner would, he thinks, find the salient characteristics of the English common people to be "artistic insensibility, gentleness, respect for legality, suspicion of foreigners, sentimentality about animals, hypocrisy, exaggerated class distinctions, and an obsession with sport." He proceeds to discuss the English under the following headings: Moral Outlook, Political Outlook, Class System, Language, and the Future. The only class I see as likely to be made angry by this book are the intelligentzia, whom Mr. Orwell accuses, I fear rightly, of isolation and bigotry.

"RETURN TO NIGHT," by Mary Renault (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), has been awarded the £40,000 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer prize as the outstanding novel of the year, and will shortly be filmed. Unfairly, this may somewhat queer the book for the English reader, who will inevitably be seeing it in terms of screen-worthiness. Actually, Miss Renault has put some excellent writing into this tale of a thirty-four-year-old woman doctor's passionate love-affair with a beautiful, tormented, mother-ruled young squire ten years younger than herself. The Cotswold landscape, the doctor's work in the village and at the cottage hospital, are well done. Only, for some reason, I do find several of the love-scenes embarrassing. However, all may not.



Miss M. Tryer on Royal Token, a Richmond Show champion, receives the Silver Challenge Cup for Open Hacks from its donor, Mrs. H. Ashton-Hopper



Three-year-old Timothy Ashton-Hopper, son of the organiser, presents his own Cup for Best Child's Pony under 14 hands to Sylvia James



Mrs. A. R. Kent riding her entry, Vanity Fair, after winning first prize in the Novices' Hacks class under 15'3 hands



Earl Fortescue and Major Faudel-Phillips, both well-known judges of hacks, had some very difficult decisions to make



Countess Fortescue and the Hon. Mrs. W. J. Baird, O.B.E., sister of Viscount Harcourt, were also among the judges



Tasker A Concours d'Élégance for cars was also held, and Earl Howe is here presenting his trophy to the winner, Mrs. J. H. Dean

The Weedon and County Show at Delapre
Abbey, Northampton

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Noel-Baker — Saunders

The marriage took place in the Crypt Chapel of the Palace of Westminster of Mr. Francis Edward Noel-Baker, M.P., only son of Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., and Mrs. Noel-Baker, and Miss Ann Lavinia Saunders, only daughter of Mr. Hilary A. St. George Saunders, of Old Holbans, Broad Oak, Heathfield, Sussex



Robertson — Holdsworth

Lt. I. G. W. Robertson, D.S.C., Royal Navy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Robertson, of Southbeech, Bickley, Kent, married Miss Barbara I. Holdsworth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Holdsworth



Linnit — Astley

Mr. S. E. (Bill) Linnit, the theatrical producer, of Albany W.1, and South Downs, Bessels Green, near Sevenoaks, married Mrs. Hope Astley, of Beauchamp Place



Studd — Smith

Mr. Keith Studd (late Lt., R.N.V.R.), younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. J. Studd, of Thaxted, Sevenoaks, Kent, married Miss Elizabeth Josephine Parry Smith, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Parry Smith, of Wellcroft, Worsborough, Yorks.



Goring — Waldegrave

Mr. John Goring, of Wiston, and Findon Park, Sussex, married Lady Hersey Waldegrave, widow of Cdr. the Hon. John Waldegrave, R.N., and daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, of Kelburn, Fairlie, Ayrshire

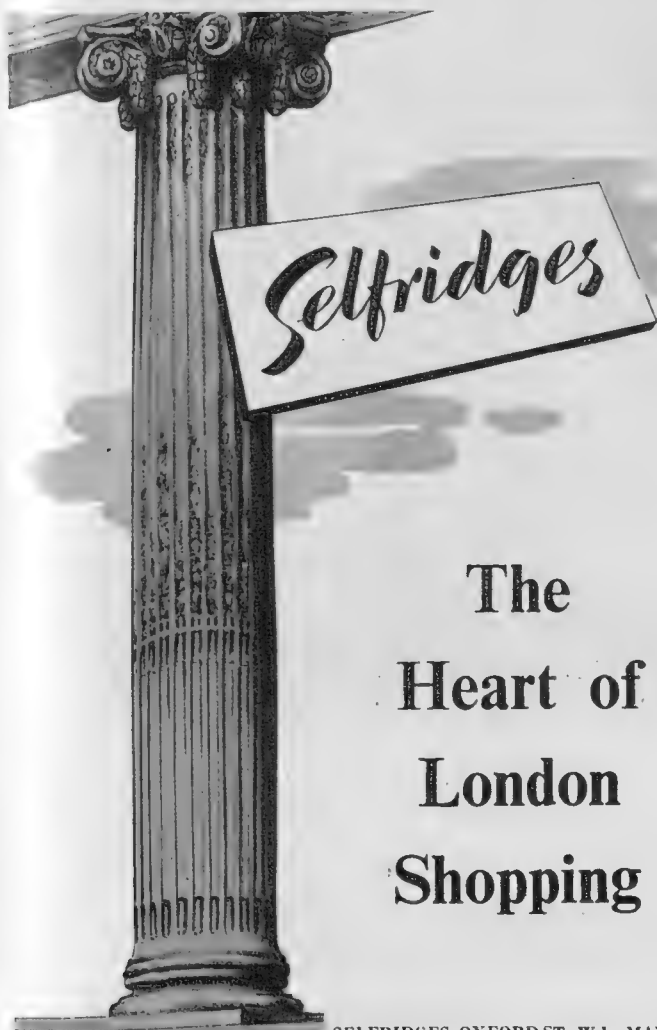


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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



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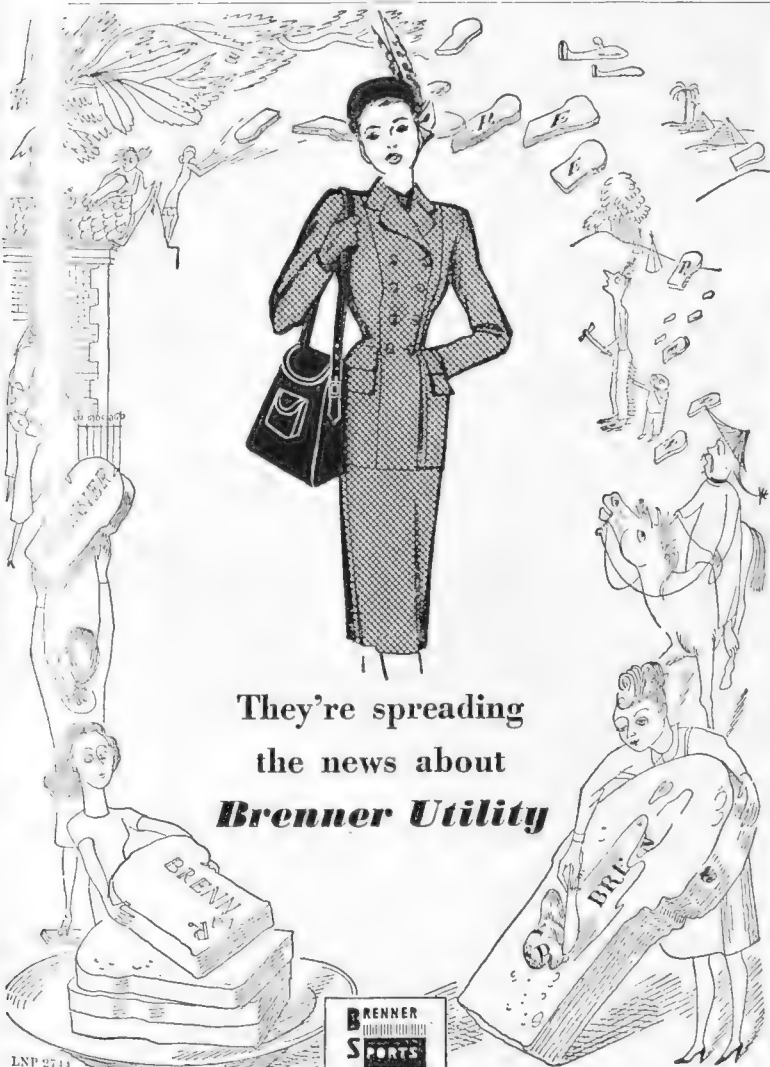
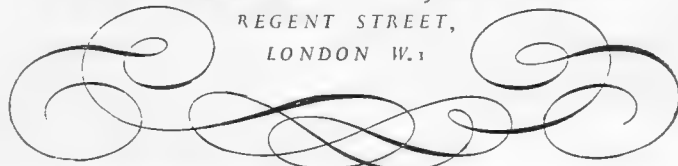


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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Navana

Miss J. M. Cowper and Mr. Harold Agnew, who have announced their engagement. Miss Cowper is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cowper, of Grange Mansions, Totteridge, N.20, and Mr. Harold Agnew the elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Agnew



Pearl Freeman

Miss Anne Hesketh Shiers, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jordan Shiers, of Edge Hill, Wilmslow, Cheshire, who in October is marrying Major Gordon Hewitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hewitt, of Tean, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.



Harlip

Miss Diana May Hall Hall, only child of Capt. and Mrs. C. A. Hall Hall, of Windy Ridge, Yateley, near Camberley, Surrey, who is marrying Capt. R. L. Spiller, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Spiller, of Earley Lodge, Reading



Miss Jean Douglas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Douglas, Batu, Redhill, Surrey, and of Malaya, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Alastair Noel Pringle, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pringle, The Old House, High Trees, Reigate, Surrey, late of Edinburgh



Bassano

Miss Gillean Mitford, daughter of the late Col. Philip Mitford and of Mrs. Mitford, Berryfield, Lentrane, Inverness, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Charles Hugh Willis Troughton, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Troughton, Woolleys, Hambleden, Bucks

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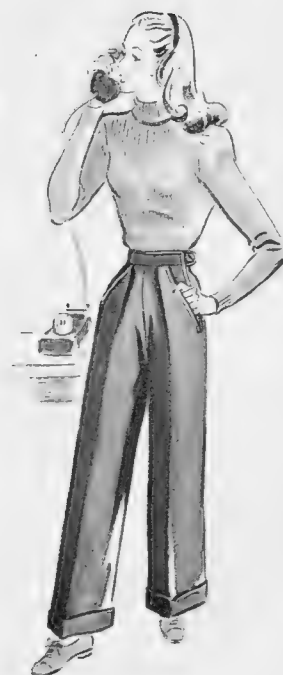
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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

A FRENCH friend writes to tell me that the official trials of the seventy-five horse-power two-seaters have already virtually eliminated all but four aircraft. That does not seem to me extraordinary. What does seem extraordinary is that French makers have been able to enter so many machines for the trials.

If the Ministry of Civil Aviation here had had the sense to institute official trials for a seventy-five horse-power two-seater there might have been one entry, but there could not have been more. Why is it that our manufacturers have lost interest in small touring machines, a type of aircraft in the design and construction of which they used to excel?

My guess is that it is yet another of the after-effects of war. To turn from aircraft weighing twenty or thirty tons and a production rate of hundreds a month to aircraft weighing half a ton and a production rate of one a month is disappointingly dismal. It suggests decline. Yet if aviation is ever to be anything but a handmaiden of war, the switch must be made sooner or later.

France has behaved sensibly in giving official encouragement to the production of small touring aircraft. And the official competition is a good means of providing that encouragement. My only criticism of the French procedure is that the trials have not been open to Press or public, with the result that too little is known about them.

Helicopters for Prospecting

LITTLE was heard over here of the work of helicopters for geophysical exploration in Louisiana, yet Norman Edgar is a moving spirit of the Helicopter Air Transport Company that did the work and he has great numbers of friends in England.

It seems that exploratory gravity-meter work (whatever that may be) was needed in a marshy area where the lessee would not permit the use of marsh buggies. It seems that muskrat fur is an important business in the area and that the use of these vehicles destroys the muskrat runs and interferes with the

animal's activities. So helicopters were used.

Pontoons were fitted instead of wheels and the work was reported to be completely successful. The model used was the Bell 47-B. The charge of £17 an hour sounds high, but apparently gave a big over-all saving for the operations.

The Long-range Tudor

WHILE most people in Britain who are connected with national enterprises act as if it did not matter whether they make or lose money, Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett takes the remarkable view that economic success still has importance. Under his direction, British South American Airways is all but paying its way.

Another thing about Don Bennett's activities is that he has insisted on using British aircraft, and I have had some details sent me of the first long-distance flights of the Avro Tudor IV. This aircraft is pressurized and satisfactory tests were made of the pressurization at varying heights between 3,000 metres and 6,000 metres.

The aircraft left England on July 24 for the West Indies and returned on the 29th after covering nearly 20,000 kilometres. The crew numbered fifteen, and Don Bennett himself went as chief pilot. The Tudor has Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, and a member of the crew reported that they were as clean at the finish as at the start.

Altogether this British aircraft looks as if it may fulfil Don Bennett's predictions and prove the prophets of failure wrong. Three-engine take-offs and take-offs at maximum load of 36,000 kilograms were included in the proving trials.

Traffic Mystery

I HAVE been making a large number of journeys by road to different aerodromes recently, and I have



No. 602 City of Glasgow Auxiliary Squadron. Back Row: F/Lt. Yuille, F/O R. I. Reid, F/O H. McWilliam, F/Lt. J. W. Hume, F/Lt. M. W. Grierson-Jackson, F/O A. Richardson, F/O A. W. Robinson, D.F.C. Front Row: F/Lt. D. O. Cunliffe, D.F.C., F/Lt. J. D. Veie, S/Ldr. M. Robinson, A.F.C., F/Lt. D. M. Jack, F/Lt. T. F. Stewart

noticed that the "atmosphere" as well as the traffic density on any stretch of road varies with the hour of day more markedly than when motoring before the war.

There are periods when everybody seems to be in a hurry, and there is a good deal of rushing up to lights and fierce acceleration away from them; a good deal of horn sounding and gear changing. At other periods of the day the traffic seems to be drifting contentedly along with much less noise and effort.

Missing Factor

THE exhilaration, or whatever one may call it, of the drivers does not appear to be related to the traffic density. Nor can I find any relation between it and the road. Quite heavy chunks of traffic in London streets can move calmly at some hours of the day.

Already accidents have been related to the time of day, and the statistic experts draw pretty charts showing that the roads are more dangerous between certain hours. But the supposition has been that at those hours the traffic is most dense. I begin to doubt that view and to think that there is some additional factor not yet recognized which affects driving manners and road safety.

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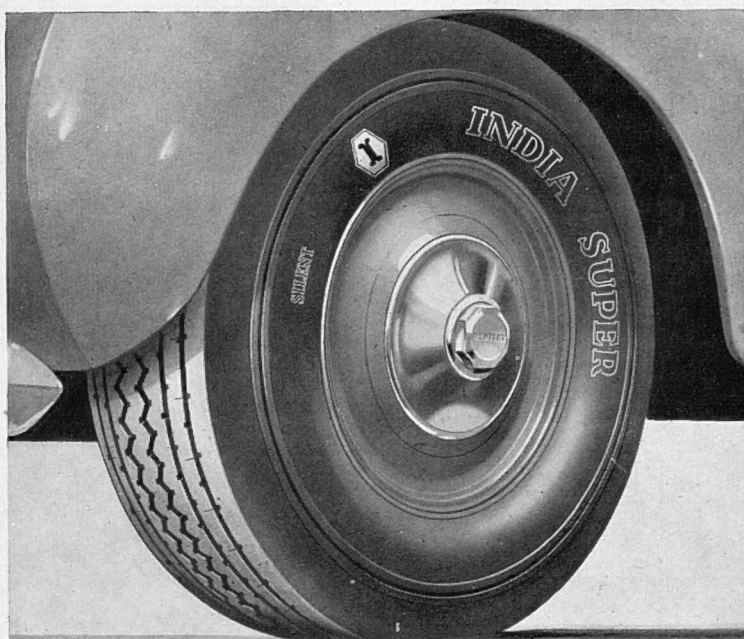


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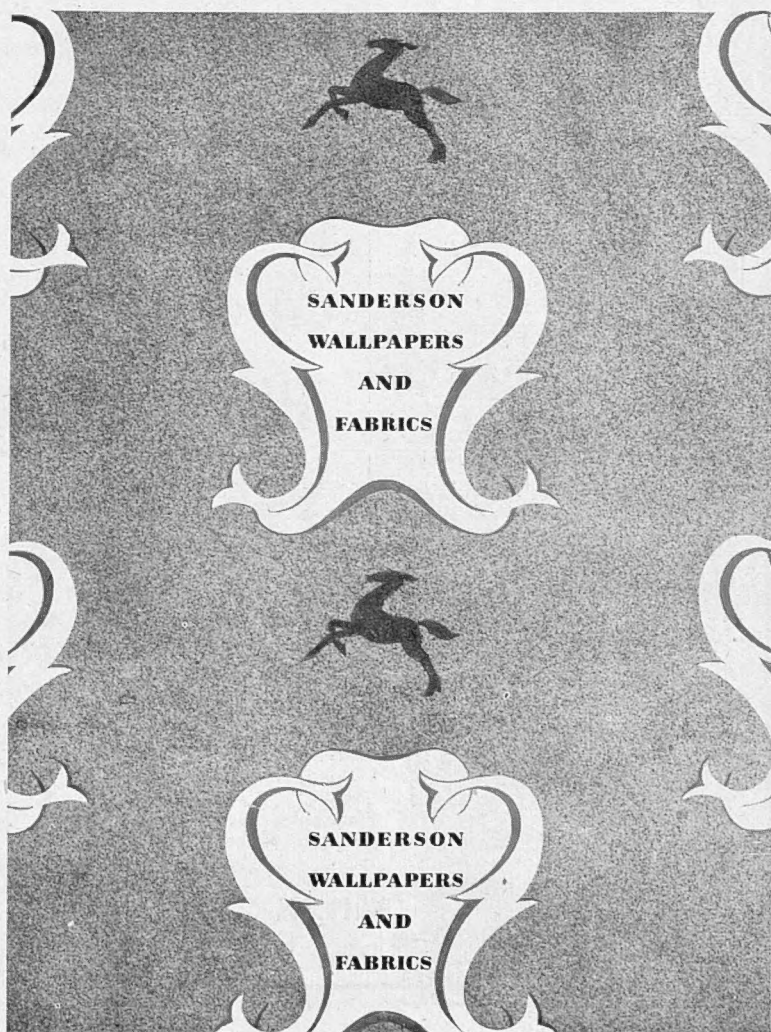
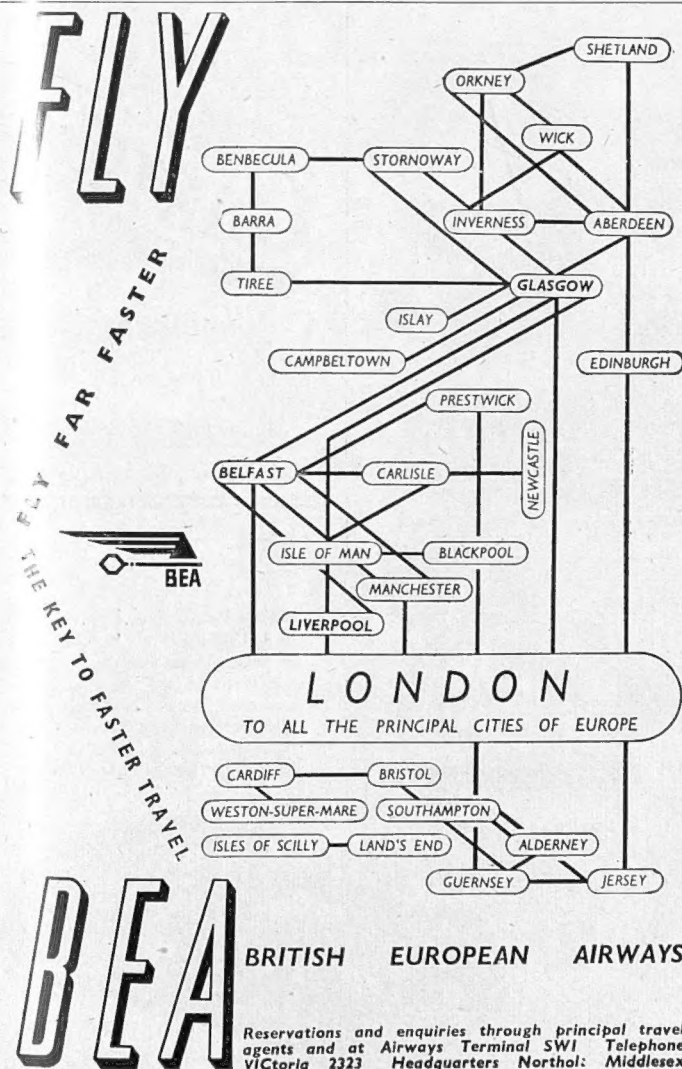
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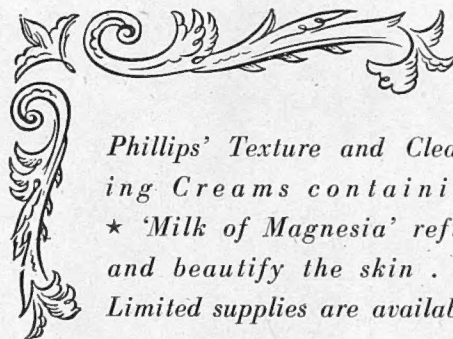


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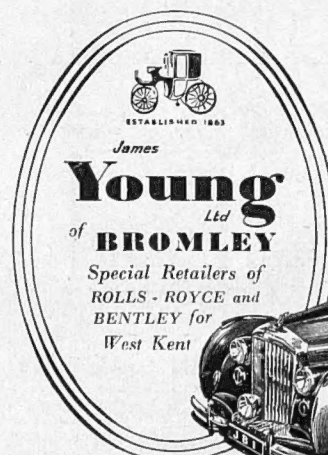
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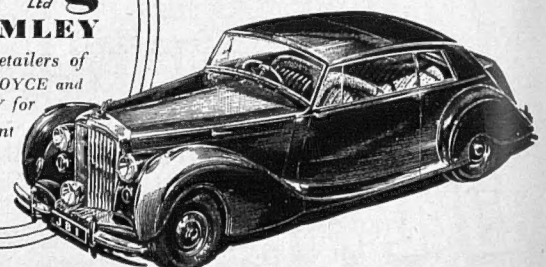
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